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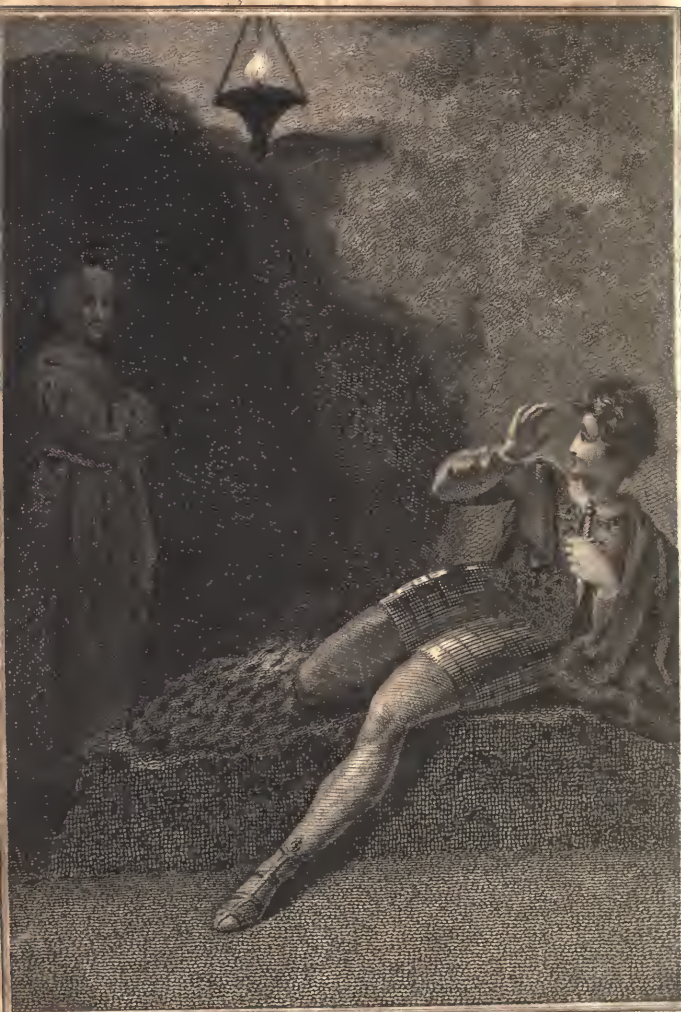
P A T H E T I C T A L E S,

P O E M S, &c.

B. Burford, Printer, Frith Street, Soho.



THE ROBBER.



W. Foster Pinx^t

Alais Sculp^t

PATHETIC TALES,

Poems, &c.

BY

J. B. FISHER,

AUTHOR OF THE HERMITAGE, MORT CASTLE,
&c. &c.

“THE LESS THEY DESERVE, THE MORE MERIT IS IN
YOUR BOUNTY.”

Shakespeare.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

And sold by

MESSRS. LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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1808.

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TO

WILLIAM HARGREAVE, Esq.

SIR,

To you, whose fostering hand was ever wont to repair the injuries inflicted by misfortune ;—whose commiserating aid has often chased the tear from the cheek of distress, and rescued merit from the dark cavern of despair—I presume to dedicate the following sheets.—To lay at the feet of a friend and benefactor, this small tribute of my gratitude ; which, however trifling in value, will I hope, be considered as the humble effort of one, who laments his want of ability to render it more worthy of your acceptance.

853624

That you may live long to enjoy the blessings of deserved prosperity—and that the dictates of your benevolent heart may never be restricted by fortune, nor wounded by ingratitude, is the unfeigned wish of,

Sir,

With great respect,

Your most obedient,

Most obliged,

And devoted Servant,

*Great Queen-St.
Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

THE AUTHOR.

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Preface.



ALTHOUGH countenanced by a respectable number of friends, who liberally consented to patronize my publication, yet I feel myself in duty bound to apologize for the rough and incorrect state in which it will appear before them; as also, to give some reason for presuming (with a consciousness of its demerits) to suffer it to appear at all.

Being a victim to the caprice of fortune at the early period of my life, taught me patience under difficulties, I might otherwise have conceived insupportable;—and often, when the heavy hand of persecution (*resulting from dependence on false promises*) disturbed my repose, with appearances, rendered terrific by the exaggerations of fancy—I have crept from my pillow, and found serenity and resignation from the ideal picture of distresses more poignant than my own.—The produce of my nocturnal employment I submitted to the perusal of a partial few; who assured me, that they considered them worthy of publication.—Although the compliment was flattering, it would yet have proved insufficient to tempt me to the hazard, had I not felt the persuasive arguments of a more resistless advocate:—and, while soliciting the candour and lenity of criticism, I declare, in the language of our immortal Bard, that——

“ My poverty, but not my will---consented !”

J. B. F.

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POEMS.

“ With all their imperfections on their heads.” *Shakespeare.*

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

ALL hail subscription! 'tis to thee we owe
The plenteous fruits, which from invention grow,
Without thy aid, full oft the toiling bard
Would lose, unpity'd, his deserv'd reward ;
And genius languish in the cave of night,
Nor dare look forward to the dawn of light :
But sav'd by thee, the poet finds his way,
Creeps from the shade, and ventures into day.
Then hail, subscription! for 'tis thine to pour
The ray of sunshine on the springing flow'r

Of infant genius—It is thine to guard
With friendly eye, the blossoms of the bard ;
Cheer'd by thy fostering warmth, they thrive apace,
And each new day presents increasing grace.

When venal candidates, of narrow soul,
Intreat your vote, your interest and poll ;
Join unabash'd the lowest ranks of life,
And with gay favours deck a cobbler's wife ;
The credulous, too easily misled
By shining proffers, spurn the humble shed,
'Till by false expectation robb'd of bread,
Too late are taught dependance on the great,
And in the vale of sorrow mourn their fate.
Go thou ! who canst pursue this hated plan,
And wound by falsehood all that makes the man,
All tender ties, all sense of honor crush,
Hence to thy closet—hence ! and learn to blush !
Go, seek humanity ! her path explore,
Nature will guide thee, but religion more.
When such high men beneath their state descend,
(Then most a foe, when seeming most a friend !)



Say, patient reader! where's the mighty crime
In this petition, from a man of rhyme?
One trifling diff'rence, worthy your regard,
Exists between the candidate and bard,
'Tis only this—the one forgets his word,
The other FEELS the benefits conferr'd.

If you should blame my stile, I'll try to mend,
And deem reproof the censure of a friend,
Yet should loud scandal with her voice destroy
My infant muse, my time-beguiling toy,
Then farewell all those fancies of the brain,
That like an opiate, lull'd the sense of pain;
With mirth's fair flow'rets strew'd my rugged way,
And made the aspect of misfortune gay.

THE RING;
OR
RODOLPHO AND ADELA.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

“ In whatsoever character
“ The book of fate is writ,
“ ’Tis well we understand not it.-----
“ Then ask not bodies doom’d to die
“ To what abodes they go,
“ Since knowledge is but sorrow’s spy,
“ ’Tis better not to know.” DAVENANT.

A Baron far fam’d for his prowess and might,
And possessing an ample domain,
Had a beautiful daughter, belov’d by a knight,
And her sympathy lessen’d his pain.

Their ages were equal, their souls were the same,
When love ’gan their hearts to invade;
Rodolpho (a knight of the cross) was his name,
And Adela that of the maid.

To the baron the lover exultingly went,
And entreated permission to take
Fair Adela's hand, with a father's consent,
But the baron no answer could make.

He was gloomily sunk in apparent despair,
And his countenance scowling with rage;
Nor filial attempts could disburthen his care,
Nor his heart-wounding fury assuage.

Not a faint ray of hope e'en the baron could find,
Nor no balm could his sufferings stay,
For enchantment held power o'er body and mind,
And tortur'd with merciless sway.

'Till at length his torn feelings an interval found,
In reflection some moments he sat,
Then he call'd for the book in the *cabala* bound,
And entitled, the Volume of Fate.

It was instantly brought, and where chance op'd the book,
He studied the characters strange;
But on no other section the baron could look,
Nor suffer'd his sight was to range.

This page, he proclaim'd in an audible tone,
Describ'd well his sorrowful state,
And told *those* afflicted with pangs like his own,
Enchantment had goaded through hate.

Yet a way to escape, in a fortunate hour,
To avoid the result of the spell,
And wholly to foil the enchanter's great pow'r,
This magical volume did tell.

“ A knight that was youthful, and generous as brave,
“ And of no evil dæmon afraid,
“ Must descend, at the dead hour of midnight, a grave.
“ Where a bard's peaceful ashes are laid.

“ From his time-decay'd finger, a ring he must take,
“ And return to the castle with speed,
“ Where the first that he meets, if the spell he would break,
“ Must receive it, so fate has decreed.

“ Tho' the gem is well guarded by magical aid,
“ And dangers the knight will oppress,
“ Yet if courage unshaken support his true blade,
“ He the combat will end with success.——

To chastise the guilty, and aid the oppress'd,
Rodolpho had ever been us'd,
And this lit as valiant a flame in his breast,
As chivalry ever produced.

“ In me,” said the hero, “ a true knight behold,
“ Who'll gladly adventure his life ;
“ If successful, I'll ask not or honors or gold,
“ But fair Adela claim for a wife.”

“ Your valour, sir knight, I admiring believe,”
The baron elated replied,
“ And if you this enterprize haply atchieve,
“ You shall Adela have for a bride.

“ And not to the gift of my daughter alone
“ Be my gratitude to you confin'd,
“ This spacious domain you shall then call your own,
“ As far as your eye-sight can wind.”——

Where echo returns a soft murmuring tale
To the brook that meanders along,
In the neighbouring county, deep sunk in a vale,
Was the grave of this master of song.

The knight to the valley his course quickly bent,
His streaming-maned steed almost flew,
Nor 'ere had he slacken'd his pace as he went,
'Till the tomb of the bard met his view.

From the top of a mountain the spot he descri'd,
In the midst of a desolate plain,
And tall tow'ring hills encircled each side,
Where the bard for two ages had lain.

Now the sky was begirt in her star-spangled robe,
That twinkled with radiance mild,
The mantle of midnight half covered the globe,
When he gain'd the sought spot in the wild.

The approach to the tomb was by nature oppos'd
With thick brambles that grew o'er the door;
The knight soon remov'd them, as soon too disclos'd
The vault he was doom'd to explore.

The steps, he descending, now shrunk from his tread,
And from dark murky holes in the ground
He perceiv'd, by the light which the moon faintly shed,
A circle of serpents spread round.

“ Hence, agents of horror !” undaunted he cried,
As his bright-gleaming falchion he drew,
“ My aim is to valour and virtue allied,
“ And I’ll not be protracted by you !”——

In vain they assail’d him with green-venom’d tongue,
His armour was proof ’gainst the sting,
And his sword wide scatter’d, with agony wrung
The reptiles that guarded the ring.

Three sight-shocking goblins, each bearing a spell,
Bad him yield to their master’s dread rod;
But in blue flame they vanish’d, with horrible yell,
When he call’d on the aid of his God.

No longer impeded, approaching, he said,

“ ’Tis a palatine thus dares presume,
“ By his presence to break the repose of the dead,
“ And alive to descend to the tomb.

“ But know, rev’rend ashes, not wanton the deed,
“ To disturb thy sepulchre and thee,
“ ’Tis an action my fate has in wisdom decreed,
“ From an enemy virtue to free.”

The moon, as he spoke, cast a gleam all around,
And shew'd by her pale silver light,
The skeleton's form, pillow'd low on the ground,
And the ring on its finger shone bright.

But when that the gold-begirt joint he had seiz'd,
On the instant it crumbled away,
And the gem, from its ancient possessor releas'd,
At the foot of its new owner lay.

He left with the prize, the abode of the dead,
At the early approach of the day,
And homeward directing his steed's faithful head,
The sun rose as he gallop'd away.

When Rodolpho departed, the baron and train,
'Mid gold censors and blazing wax lights,
In the chapel entreated a respite from pain,
And 'till morning perform'd holy rites.

The priest, in his holiest vestments array'd,
Pray'd heaven their efforts to bless;
The domestics their zeal and religion display'd,
By invoking each saint for success.

In devotion most ferrent, fair Adela knelt
At the shrine of her favorite saint,
And avow'd the real anguish her bosom now felt,
In accents affecting and faint.

'Twas dawn e'er she quitted the reverenc'd urn,
And, eagerly fill'd with desire,
On the battlements waited her lover's return,
That he peace might restore to her sire.

When lo ! 'mid the windings and turns of the wood,
Rodolpho approaching she spied :
And he, on the low turret's brow where she stood,
Saw with rapture his woe-destin'd bride.

His bosom beat high as he spurr'd on his steed,
'Till he compass'd the battlement wall,
When nearly exhausted with breathless fatigue,
Not a sentence his lips could let fall.

Fair Adela trembled with doubt and with fear,
But quickly was alter'd her look ;
He presented the ring on the point of his spear,
Which, elated with pleasure, she took.

The lover, o'erjoy'd at his fancied success,
The baron in extacy sought,
Saying, heaven was pleas'd his endeavours to bless,
And a cure for his torments he'd brought.

“ I've prevail'd o'er enchantment, by beauty inspir'd,
“ And obey'd the injunctions with haste.

“ The ring is procur'd, as the volume desir'd;
“ In the hands of an inmate 'tis plac'd.”

Instead of an answer, with gratitude mild,
Which his valour deserv'd to obtain,
The baron was sullen, then frantic and wild,
And labour'd with much increas'd pain.

The eager domestics came, anxious to learn
(Now the tomb of the bard was explor'd,)
Its effects on their master, and hop'd to discern
His happiness once more restor'd.

“ 'Tis an enemy sure who possesses the ring!”
The suffering baron exclaim'd;
“ Or, faithful to promise, relief it would bring;
“ I demand the fell traitor be nam'd.

- “ Sir knight! stand not silent, but instantly tell
“ To what fiend ’twas, you yielded the stone?
“ For be sure ’twas some agent assisting the spell,
“ And their death for the deed shall atone.
“ For believe me Rodolpho, the viper shall die,
“ I swear by my knighthood ’tis true,
“ Though it prove my own daughter; so quickly comply,
“ Or torture shall force it from you.”——

Not a death-dealing thunder-bolt aim’d at his head,
His soul with more horror could wound,
Still Rodolpho stood silent, nor seem’d he to dread
The terrors which rage drew around.

Reluctant the servants obey’d their stern chief,
And the engine of torture display’d;
But no word from Rodolpho entreated relief,
Nor to ’scape from its torments essay’d.

Though writhing with agony, still the true knight
His courage and constancy kept;
’Till at length, with a look that would pity excite,
He sigh’d, and eternally slept.

In a voice loud and shrill, "I've the mystery found!"

From a chamber adjoining was heard;

"Why in magical spells still my father is bound,

"And his sufferings are not transferr'd.

"On the back of the leaf in the magical book,

"That contains the prophetic command,

"The ring it proclaims, haste my father and look,

"Must be ta'en from the minstrel's left hand;

"For the one from the right creates mischief and harm,

"And subjects you to anguish and hate;

"Thus Rodolpho, unconscious assisted the charm,

"Which he eagerly sought to abate.

"For well I remember that champion so brave,

"Who shall ever esteem'd, be my knight,

"When weary and breathless that pledge to me gave,

"Made a sign that 'twas ta'en from the right."—

When these words from his daughter the baron assail'd,

They smote his sore breast like a dart;

His colour forsook him, his utterance fail'd,

Almost still was the pulse of his heart.

He was stung for the fate of the much injur'd knight,
His error reproach'd him with force;
With his garments he shrouded his eyes from the sight
Of the murder'd Rodolpho's cold corse.—

An attendant the baron to Adela sent,
Who the tidings most tragical bore;
He related the whole of the fatal event,
Why the knight of the cross was no more.

She enter'd the chamber in haggard dismay,
Distracted her tresses she tore,
Then sunk on the wheel where her dead lover lay,
And her eyes clos'd to open no more.

“ I feel torments too poignant, they must be repress'd !”
The baron distractedly cried;
Then plunging a blade to the hilt in his breast,
With conscience tormented he died.—

Since that hour in the castle sad solitude reigns,
Now a ruin most drear and forlorn ;
And many rich fragments now scatter the plains,
While its turrets are skirted with thorn.

And the way-wearied pilgrim, oft drops a tear ;

As he counts o'er his beads at their grave,

And moistens the flow'rets that fate seems to rear,

O'er the maid and her lover so brave.

Some say that grim spectres the curious affright,

Who dare wander its ruins among ;

And that lights more than mortal are seen in the night,

When the owl shrieks her ill-boding song.

THE BROTHERS.

A Moral Tale.

- - - - " Resigned in every state,
With patience bear, with prudence press your fate ;

By suffering well our fortune we subdue ;
Fly when she frowns, and when she calls pursue.
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past, as benefits of fate."

DRYDEN.

NEAR a clear stream that flow'd within a wood,
With ivy deck'd, an ample cottage stood:
From storms protected by the clust'ring trees,
That with their leafy murmurs check'd the breeze,
And fann'd the curling smoke. Here was a spot,
Where nature's bounteous gifts adorn'd a cot,
And virtue dwelt, estrang'd from guile or strife,
The happy sharer of the sweets of life.

One stormy night, the drifting rain fast beat ;
The supper ended, from a rural treat,
The true-going clock had chim'd the hour of ten,
To damp the embers of a wood fire then
Fair Ellen rose ; her father read a prayer,
In gratitude to heaven for its care ;
Who taught the worthy how to prove those joys,
Riches can never purchase, pride destroys.—
Envy nor want awoke no sorrows here,
To mean the woes of others, form'd the tear
On pity's cheek. The traveller misled,
Or houseless poor, found here both food and bed ;
Their wholesome store seem'd never sunk the less
For being shar'd with hunger or distress.

As night advanc'd, the thunder louder grew,
And frequent light'ning flam'd in azure hue :
The grand and awful warring of the sky
Alarm'd, with dizzy shocks, the aching eye.

Mary, with broken voice and timid tread,
Call'd her fair sister to retire to bed ;

'To seek if possible a sound repose,
And shroud their frightened sight beneath the clothes.

As Ellen rose with terror from the floor,
The latch was lifted of the cottage door:
“Hark! dearest sister,” said the pitying maid;
“One from without, perhaps by tempest staid,
“In plaintive accents does his wants unfold,
“Do not the bolt with hesitation hold;
“The comforts we derive from doing good,
“Will amply pay us for a little wood!”

Listening, they heard a voice cry, “pity take,
“Shelter a wretched youth for mercy’s sake;
“Cold blows the wind ’gainst limbs of cloathing bare,
“While grief and hunger’s racking pangs I share.”

“Nature no longer can resist the plea,”
The father cried, “of misery and thee!
“My Ellen, thine shall be the pleasing task,
“To heal his woes, and tend the cheering flask;

“ Thou shalt be mistress of thy blest desire,
“ While Mary helps me to revive the fire.”

The maid, whose haste her genuine pity told,
Found at the door a youth, pale, wet and cold;
His ragged garb reveal'd his aching breast,
And spoke misfortune, which the maid caress'd;
She welcom'd the poor youth, with speechless joy,
And from the threshold led a *sailor boy*.

“ Oh, gentle lady!” said the trembling youth;
“ If e'er compassion strove to succour truth,
“ Then look with pity on the wretch you see,
“ Sinking with hunger, cold and misery;
“ And do not lady, deem my visit rude,
“ Three days are pass'd since I have tasted food;
“ If on kind providence you want a claim,
“ Invoke its bless'd assistance in my name;
“ Appeal to God when you afflicted be,
“ And he'll repay the good thou dost for me.”

His unfeign'd tale had helped him to succeed,
And gain'd him in the end, a friend in need.

With eager haste she op'd the cupboard door,
And on the table spread its cheering store;
Drew off his jacket, sat him near the fire,
Took from her father's press some fresh attire;
In thick warm woollen wrapt his bleeding feet,
And cry'd with pleasure as she saw him eat.

The smart of hunger soon by food allay'd,
His cheeks by warmth recover'd from their fade;
Their kindness veil'd the terrors of the night,
While pity spread fresh comforts to his sight;
'Till the late hour now warn'd him to depart,
And pay the tribute of a grateful heart.

“ Next to my God !” said he, “ to thee I owe
“ My praises for the aid thou didst bestow :
“ That has preserv'd me from the brink of death,
“ And bought the blessings of my latest breath !
“ Yet on your bounty I must not impose,
“ Nor longer keep you from a calm repose ;
“ To some fresh shelter I'll explore my way,
“ And patient wait the dawning of the day ;

“ Then seek employment for a mind distress’d,
“ And find a harbour in some British breast.”
This said, he bent his head with rev’rence low,
And took his tatter’d jacket up—to go.

“ Don’t let him wander !” both the maidens cried ;
Their father soon replac’d him by his side.
“ ’Till morning your departure pray defer,
“ To-night my lad,” said he, “ you shall not stir ;
“ The rain still beats, and would renew your woe !
“ Stay, I’ll fresh cloathing and a bed bestow :
“ Tell me your story, it will amply pay
“ The kindness that shall greet your lengthen’d stay.”
The boy consented, and with tear-fill’d eye
Began his sad relation with a sigh.

“ In death’s cold cabin lay my parents dear,
“ Who dying left me to a brother’s care,
“ Who undertook that pious charge with glee,
“ And prov’d a father and a friend to me ;
“ With kindness calm’d my grief for those I’d lost,
“ And brought me up with credit at his cost.

“ He was a man who traffick’d on the sea,
“ And earn’d the bounties of prosperity.
“ From his example, and a thirst for gain,
“ I soon became a venturer on the main;
“ Hoping like him good fortune’s rout to take,
“ And gain some rich possession for his sake.

“ Three years I follow’d a successful trade,
“ Nor ever was by storm or wreck dismay’d;
“ ’Till fate at length decreed their direful strife,
“ And made me soon regret my choice of life.

“ Returning home from India’s fertile shore,
“ No dangers thought to meet, nor loss deplore,
“ When from the westward we began to ‘spy
“ The dread commotion of a troubled sky.
“ ’Twas then the heavy gale blew loud and strong,
“ With shrieks oft aided by the curlew’s song;
“ Terrific thunder roar’d with vivid lights,
“ And swell’d the raging waves to mountain heights!
“ Our fears increas’d, our ship on mountains roll’d,
“ And woke more terrors than I can unfold.—

“ The skilful sailors to their duty stood.
“ Beset with danger and the threatening flood,
“ And strove by struggling ’gainst the angry main,
“ To save the ship from sinking, but in vain ;
“ With chain pumps choak’d, and leak increasing fast,
“ We were oblig’d to quit the ship at last,
“ And to our boats to fly our lives to save,
“ Hoping in them to ’scape a watery grave.
“ But life is precious, each one tried his best
“ To save himself, regardless of the rest,
“ And to the long-boat fled, till heavy grown
“ With crowding numbers, it with all *went down* !
“ How would the tears of pity fill your eyes,
“ Had you been there, and heard the dreadful cries
“ From beings drowning, begging from their God
“ Their soul’s redemption from the briny flood !

“ Scarce in the pinnace, with the best of brothers,
“ I’d hardly got secure, with thirteen others,
“ When stript of masts, the ship a shatter’d trunk,
“ To save our lives most fortunately sunk ;

“ Or it had fill’d our boat too full for sea,
“ And doubtless shar’d the long one’s destiny.
“ The storm at length abating, calm’d our fear,
“ And brought us on our knees in fervent pray’r;
“ That duty done, we all embrac’d each other,
“ And in affection’s clasp I held my brother;
“ Who for my happy rescue quite elate,
“ Bless’d with unfeigned zeal, the care of fate!
“ But ’twas not lasting; breaking to my heart,
“ She had decreed, we yet alas! should part.

“ Two snowy days, and one long dreadful night,
“ We sought in vain for land, or ship in sight;
“ Benumb’d with cold, oppress’d by hunger sore,
“ We look’d with grief upon our scanty store;
“ A keg of rum, with a small bag of bread,
“ Was all the means we found of being fed:
“ You will not doubt our hunger, when I say, }
“ Two biseuits and a glass of rum a day, }
“ Was each man’s share, to keep that fiend away! }

“ We hop’d in vain, some succour to descry,
“ We saw around us nought but waves and sky ;
“ Bread near expended, less became our share,
“ And drove us, by-our cravings, to despair ;
“ Our boat was filled too full for making way,
“ And scarce proceeded thirty knots a day.

“ The only means to save from death a few,
“ Was to divide our near-exhausted crew ;
“ And rather than we all should famish’d be,
“ To part by lot, our hapless company ;
“ The half of which this means might likely save ;
“ The other’s doom to be, a watery grave !
“ Death now made welcome by our wretched state,
“ We all agreed to bend to rig’rous fate.

“ I was the first that dire event begun,
“ And scarce gave thanks to chance when I had won ;
“ But, ah ! how agoniz’d my feelings grew,
“ During the moment that my brother drew
“ The lot, that fatal moment should decree,
“ His instant death, or lengthen’d misery !

“ I call’d the saints of heaven to his aid,
“ But was not then, by their compassion paid ;
“ One of the seven, sentenc’d to the deep,
“ Was my poor brother !” Here he paus’d to weep,
Then hid the tears, that grew upon his cheek,
And check’d the grief that hardly let him speak.

“ A scene,” said he, “ too dismal to relate,
“ Was that in which the victims met their fate.—
“ Six had with manly firmness left the boat,
“ And sunk, while praying that their souls might float,
“ That for their sins they all might be forgiven,
“ And meet a recompence for death in heaven !
“ My brother was the last, and as he rose,
“ He stript from off his back his upper clothes ;
“ Here, Jack !” said he, “ my watch and raiment take,
“ Wear them, I pray thee, for thy brother’s sake ;
“ If the kind gifts of fortune you shou’d share,
“ Take my poor wife and infants to your care ;
“ Hide from her faithful heart, my misery
“ To part, alas ! with children, wife, and thee
“ Tell her, resign’d, I met my fate with joy,
“ And left her to depend on thee, dear boy !”—

“ While he this charge with calmness did relate,
“ I was contriving to prevent his fate ;
“ While seeming lost, in all the death of woe
“ He bade me, as I held him, let him go.
“ Brother, said I, you struggle here in vain,
“ You for your wife ! your children ! I detain.
“ Who’ll to unceasing sorrow comfort give ?
“ None !—*I* will die for *them*—and you shall live ;
“ You must not stay me, do not try, I pray,
“ If you go overboard, I will not stay ;
“ But hand in hand with thee resign my breath,
“ And sink beside thee, in the gulph of death !
“ Thus will your hapless orphans friendless be,
“ Unless you do resign the lot to me !—
“ Still lost in agony of thought he stood,
“ When from his arms I leap’d into the flood ;
“ ’Twas then I heard him, ‘ save my brother,’ cry,
“ Which from the waves I answer’d with *Good bye*.—

“ Faint from the want of food, and worn with grief,
“ Yet I withstood the waves, thro’ God’s relief,

“ Who nerv’d the arm that shou’d the torrents skim,
“ And sent relief when grown too weak to swim.

“ Their swift-going boat was nearly out of sight,
“ And I prepar’d to sink in endless night ;
“ When something floating, struck me on the neck,
“ Which prov’d to be the remnant of a wreck :
“ Large was the raft, on which I instant got,
“ And bless’d the God, that had not me forgot ;
“ Who through the waves a float in mercy bore,
“ That wafted me in safety to this shore.—
“ For three long days, all weathers doom’d to meet,
“ I’ve wander’d far, with naked, bleeding feet !
“ And thought all chance of succour out of sight,
“ When from your tranquil thatch I saw a light ;
“ My hopes reviv’d, my heart too leap’d with joy ;
“ And your compassion sav’d a Sailor Boy !”

“ Oh ! noble youth !” the sire admiring cry’d,
His daughters sobbing sat, and deeply sigh’d,—
“ You shall not founder, boy,” continued he.
“ But find a father and a friend in me ;

- “ My bosom bleeds for every pang you feel,
“ And mourns the sorrows which it cannot heal.
“ You shall employment in my service find,
“ And tempt no more the seas and dangerous wind.—
“ The so much sought for, fortune’s but a toy,
“ That cheats the mind with empty shews of joy ;
“ The mere creation of a fickle brain,
“ That reigns the idol of the proud and vain !
“ And when we think to grasp the tempting prey,
“ The airy phantom vanishes away !
“ Thus after all our various schemes we find,
“ That real content, lives only in the mind.—
“ Here, when beneath the ivy’s bounteous shade,
“ At ease reclin’d, your weary limbs are laid,
“ With philosophic scorn the world despise,
“ The empty world, and all its vanities ;
“ Contentment then will every woe beguile,
“ And win misfortune’s self, to wear a smile !
“ Here then remain, estrang’d from tyrant care,
“ And a full portion of our comforts share.”

The youth, with gratitude and pleasure fill’d,
In flattery’s canting diction little skill’d,

Gave utt'rance to the dictates of his heart,
In terms that must its worthiness impart ;
He grew in favour as he grew in years,
And liv'd to pay fair Ellen for her tears.—
The village curate soon their union seal'd,
And virtuous love their happiness reveal'd !

* * * * *

Oft round the grandsire's knee their prattlers clung,
To win his smile, with infant-lisping tongue,
Who oft elated, would with joy's big tear,
Hug the lov'd offspring of a daughter dear,
And praise kind fortune for the happy hour,
That brought the shipwreck'd worthy to his bower.

Often when morning op'd his golden eye,
Or evening's blush had tinted the clear sky ;
The youth within the wood would frequent stray,
And send a prayer to heaven by the way,
For his lost brother, and those left behind
To his protection, and kind care, consign'd.—
It chanc'd, as once he sought this rural shade
At close of day, and wrapt in thought had laid

Beneath the shelter of the clust'ring trees,
On a smooth bank his wearied limbs to ease ;
The friendly covert soon invited sleep,
Lull'd by the tinkling of the grazing sheep :
Thus as in slumber wrapt, supine he lay,
A stranger who had wander'd from his way,
Came to the spot ; and as he stood to gaze
Upon a well known face, saw with amaze
A speckled serpent round his arm had clung,
Darting a frothy venom from its tongue ;
In twining folds his body circled round,
And seem'd to pin the sleeper to the ground.

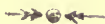
A time with horror struck, he speechless stood,
View'd the sad sight, and trembled as he view'd ;
Till rousing from the stupor of his fears,
He bruise'd the nauseous reptile o'er the ears,
Till by repeated blows he staid its breath,
And woke the dreamer from a sleep of death !

Struck with surprize, the peasant look'd around,
Till his enquiring sight a station found,

When on the stranger's face it chanc'd to dart,
And soon awoke the throbbings of his heart ;
When faithful Hope, repaying past alarms,
Entwin'd him speechless in his brother's arms !

The interval of silence broke by joy—
“ And have I living found thee ? generous boy ! ”
The stranger cry'd ; “ No more I'll ask from heav'n,
“ Who, in its bounty has my brother giv'n
“ To share my wealth, my love ! my blessing ! all
“ That from my boundless gratitude can fall.
“ In eager search I've wander'd many miles
“ O'er sea-girt coasts, and friendless desert isles,
“ Hoping that Providence on thee might share
“ Its blessed influence, and with its care,
“ Rewarding save thee from the briny flood,
“ And shew the power of Almighty God !
“ Here ends the pilgrimage I meant to take,
“ And life shall charm me, for my *Brother's* sake ! ”

THE HARPER.

A WELSH BALLAD.

In a deep forest's all embow'ring shade,
Where nature's gifts in wild luxuriance grows ;
And mid-day sun but a faint twilight made,
By foliage hid, an humble cottage rose.

There Elwin, with his infant girl, had sought
That ealm repose, the busy world denied ;
Their minds with virtuous inclinations fraught,
They found their wants, and wishes all supplied,

O'er her soft cheek a roseate bloom was spread,
A hue that health and innocence confers,
The locks of age were scatter'd o'er his head,
While those of smiling youth encircled hers.

When ev'ning reign'd, succeeding summers day,
Forth thro' the winding mazes they would rove ;
Both free from baneful passion's direful sway,
Felt the real pleasures of the purest love.

There wand'ring oft each rural scene among,
He from the forest flowers example drew ;
And proved from various themes in Poets song,
The maid as beauteous and transient too.

She then was fairest of the village throng,
When pastime call'd its vot'ries to the plain ;
To join the rustic dance in rural song,
And bid Arcadian pleasures bloom again.

Nor could a thought-of grandeur, e'er imbibe,
A secret wish for greater pleasures felt ;
'Mongst all the friends, that form'd the social tribe,
Which on the borders of the forest dwelt.

'Till a betrayer 'guis'd in friendships veil
To witness his false vows, call'd all above ;
She unsuspecting, listened to the tale,
And fell the Victim of pretended love.

Ye prndish dames ! who tremble at the thought
Of vice!—ye overchaste ! who know
No tenets, but what apathy has taught ;
A warning take by this sad child of woe.

Of guilty passion, thoughtless youth beware !
And learn 'ere conscience force you late, to rue ;
The shaft that wounds the poor deluded fair,
Rankles the bosom of the parent too.

While many an artful scheme he deeply laid,
On ruin's precipice she tott'ring stood :
Infatuated girl ! nor long delay'd,
But hurried swiftly on the fatal flood.

To quit her father's arms and peaceful cot,
Together they the wily plan arrang'd ;
And soon concerted, soon she chang'd her lot.
And innocence for guilty joys exchange'd.

His daughter lost, oh ! how shall I rehearse,
The racking pangs that rent poor Elwins heart ?
Too complicated for my feeble verse,
But fancy paints what language fail's t' impart.

Now his sad mind in plaintive silence lowers,
Nor sadder moments e'er could mortals prove ;
For heavy seem the tedious, tardy hours,
When hoping the return of those we love.

At each soft cadence of the whistling breeze,
With rapt'rous warmth, he'd lend the list'ning ear ;
To catch among the shrubs and rustling Trees,
The echoing pressure of her footsteps near.

And oft would fancy at a distance shew,
In virtue's garb, her angel form advance ;
'Till recollection's dart with deadliest blow,
Would wake him from the dear deluding trance.

Thrice had the sun his golden round perform'd,
And now his rays begun to upward slope ;
But Elwin's bosom had not cheer'd or warmed,
For disappointment banished every hope.

A busy friend, declared the fatal truth,
Which for his daughter realized his fears ;
How she had sought the city with a youth,
Of person Elegant, and equal years.

Sad Elwin issued from the cottage door,
And onward went, nor cast one look behind ;
Upon his arm, his once loved harp he bore,
A means by which he hoped his girl to find.

He fondly hoped, should his Eliza hear,
Ah ! should she chance to hear the well known strain ;
'Twould moist her eye with a repentant tear,
And bring her back to virtue's path again.

Fierce howl'd the winds, and darken'd was the sky,
When forth he went, in maddening sorrow wild ;
A sight more moving, ne'er met human eye,
A father, seeking his deluded child !

Once more in busy streets, behold him roam,
Where all around from care, seem'd blithe and free ;
With scorn some view'd him, and with pity some,
He heeded not, for lost in grief was he.

Now chance that oft unforeseen issue brings,
Brought Elwin to Alphonso's fell domain ;
With tend'rest skill he touch'd the obedient strings,
And wak'd his lost Eliza's once lov'd strain.

Each note vibrating caused a heartfelt pang,
Scarce could the aged sire from tears refrain ;
In plaintive majesty he sat and sung,
He play'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and play'd again.

Lured by the promise of unceasing joys,
The hapless maid, from home and parent stray'd ;
And now bedeck'd with fashion's tinsel'd toys,
Seduction seem'd in honor's garb array'd.

Comparison enrich'd each gaudy scene
That pomp had rear'd, to cheat vain folly's eye ;
How far above the sports of fair or green !
From toil reliev'd, on perfum'd down to lie !

Thus thought Eliza, when by falshood led,
She virtue barter'd for her gay attire,
But reason taught her as the pageant fled,
That honor's dictates, cost could ne'er require.

Too late she found profession but a jest,
Herself to lowly, for proud fortune's heir :
Possession cloy'd, satiety confess'd,
And golden dreams interpreted despair.

Now recollection drew upon her mind,
Urg'd by reproach, that raged within her breast ;
Her aged father left to grief consign'd,
Bereft by her of comfort-yielding rest.

Shock'd at the thought, by truth's upbraidings stung,
She cast the source, whence flow'd contrition's tear ;
Low on the ground, and lay with anguish wrung,
When lo ! a well known voice assail'd her ear !

She listen'd ! wonder'd ! heard the darling theme,
'Twas dulcet harmony's soft pleasing strain,
And thought she slumber'd, and that in a dream
Delusive fancy, strove to sooth her pain.

But taught by certainty, she quickly rose,
Rush'd from the chamber, and with frantic shriek ;
Broke from the grasp that strove to interpose,
Her eagerness, her penitence to speak.

On a cold stone, hard as the owner's heart !
The HARPER sat, expos'd to wind and rain ;
For none had deign'd in pity to impart,
The cheering morsel, he nor sought to gain.

His tear fill'd eyes, like rivals to the show'r,
Strove who shou'd first bedew his furrow'd cheek ;
While prayer most fervent, begg'd the God of pow'r !
To shield his daughter from a night so bleak.

She saw, and caught him to her throbbing breast !

Drying with costly robes his drenched head ;
He trembling found by whom he was caress'd,
And kneeling, blessed the hand by duty led.

Brought by his wond'ring servants to the spot,
The gay Alphonso gazed in dumb surprize ;
'Till light reveal'd the tenant of the Cot,
And then, from conscious guilt he veil'd his eyes.

Look here, Ambition ! and let virtue guide
Thy active mind from sin's seducing sway ;
For justice shall o'er guiltiness preside,
And punish those, who shun her level way !

So thought Alphonso, as he viewed the Sire
Speeding to heaven's tribunal with his wrong !
Saw hoary worth, disgraced in poor attire,
Expos'd defenceless to the gath'ring throng.

The spark of honor kindling, warm'd his heart,
He fed the flame lit by compassion's sigh :
He felt ! with rapture felt ! the pleasing smart,
And by atonement, dried afflictions eye !

THE ROBBER.

A GERMAN STORY.

“ He withers at the heart, and looks as wan

“ As the pale spectre of a murder’d man !” DRYDEN.

THE raven had slunk to his nest,
The owl reign’d the guardian of night,
The rain beat, all was dark, save when lit by a flash
From the loud pealing thunder, whose grand awful crash;
Fill’d the timid with terror and fright.

In a forest, intricate and drear,
And unknown, to but few, stood a cave;
There, the head of a band who infested the road,
An outlaw’d foul robber, took up his abode,
To rapine and murder the slave.

A traveller, lost by his guide,
In this maze, he long sought to explore;
Gave the rein, to his weary and half drowned steed,
He benumb'd with the cold, was unable to lead,
His station till dawn to deplore.

The storm ceased, assisting the gloom
Of the dank dewy horrors around;
When near to the spot the loud blast from a horn,
Rous'd the horse and his rider, from station forlorn,
Both struck with surprize by the sound.

From the hope of regaining his way,
He uprais'd himself high from his seat,
When some horsemen, who threading a path thro' the wood,
Heard his hollo! with shouts, when he then misconstru'd,
While hoping an escort to meet.

Nor was he from error reliev'd
By the courteous replies of their chief,
Who with proffers of shelter, to one then in need,
Dimm'd the eye of suspicion, unlikely to read
The dark, foul designs of the thief.

The light which a lamp shed around,
'Woke alarm in the traveller's breast,
When on ent'ring the cavern of riot and sin,
He saw, unsepulchre'd, bones rotting within,
Untimely consign'd to their rest.

Astonishment widen'd his eye,
As starting, he shrunk from the sight,
When with voice loud and hoarse, and a dark scowling look
One exclaim'd, "What your sorry our trade you mistook?
" Your weak fears will dispel with the night.

" You must smile at the terrors of death,
" And our calling relentless pursue,
" Since your own importunity shew'd you our cave,
" And a fate, which from sharing, you'd wish us to save,
" You must swear to be one of our crew."

A prospect of means to escape,
And a sure cruel death to prevent,
Made him smother the shock that had wounded his breast,
While dissimulation repugnance suppress'd,
As unwilling he bow'd an assent.

This gruff son of plunder then led,
The horror-struck stranger within :
“ Make room for a comrade ! ” he loudly exclaim’d,
“ He’ll make one of a band for their valour far fam’d ;
Then they hail’d him with clangor and din.

Bright torches the cavern illum’d,
And high seated the chief did appear,
When approaching his footstool, an homage to pay,
The unknown met a view (he’d not ta’en on the way)
With a cry he fell back in his chair :—

But recovered, he instantly rose,
And addressing his wonder-struck band,
Said, ‘ the strong-mark’d resemblance the stranger had bore
“ To a friend long since dead, (he must ever deplore)
“ Caus’d the shock, as he fell by his hand !

Their feasting and revelry o’er,
The stranger was led to repose,
Close adjoining a cell far remote from the crew,
Where their chieftain to rest had already withdrew,
His conscience to lull in a doze.

'The dreary and dead waste of night

Had arriv'd ; all was hush'd in the cave :

When Wolfindolph, the captain, was rous'd by a groan

Thrice repeated, which seem'd by its sad hollow moan,

To come from a deep-yawning grave.

By the aid of a glimmering light,

Which a lamp thro' the gloom faintly spread,

He starting with terror, beheld in the shade,

A form like a spectre, in death's garb array'd,

Approaching the foot of his bed.

For a time he of speech lay bereft ;

When the figure his garment withdrew,

And to his left breast, which he now had lain bare,

He pointed, exclaiming, "Thou base one! look there!"

And expos'd a deep scar to his view.

"Thou'rt the ghost of my much injur'd sire!"

(Said the robber, appall'd with affright)

"Come again to reproach me, for causing thy death,

"For destroying the root that gave being and breath

"To a wretch, whom no joy can delight!

- “ The Dæmon, my council and friend,
“ Cannot fail to protect me in sin :
“ Then avaunt ! nor again by thy presence annoy,
“ A soul lost to pity ;—a rest you destroy,
“ If once more thy dread visits begin.
- “ I fled to this cavern most drear,
“ To avoid thy upbraidings and sight ;
“ In hopes that thy spirit, appeas’d and at rest,
“ Might at length be consign’d to the realms of the blest,
“ And no longer make hideous the night !”
- “ Behold me, the agent of Peace,”
Said the figure, approaching more near,
“ If repentance can yet find a seat in your breast,
“ It will point out a way to restore me to rest,
“ And my spirit no more will appear !
- “ Or if promise of bliss still to come,
“ Can induce you my will to obey ;
“ Then hasten with speed to the vault, where is laid
“ My coffin, wherein lies the blood-crusted blade,
“ Which thy hand to my breast did convey.

“ This poniard, which you must remove,
“ Is the cause of my restless return.
“ Discard the foul fiend, who thy soul would consume,
“ And let penitence guide thee to visit my tomb,
“ And the prospect of peace, you’ll discern !”

The dawn now begemming the sky,
Thro’ a cleft in the rock appear’d light :
“ Soft—no more,” said the figure, “ I’m summon’d away,
“ I go !—but remember, my orders obey !”
And then disappear’d from his sight.

For a time he in agony lay,
Debating what course to pursue ;
’Till at length he determin’d, whate’er the event,
The commands of the speetre, shou’d meet his consent,
And with eaution he’d steal from the crew.

Thus in restless reflection he toss’d
On his rocky and comfortless bed ;
When the bell of the cavern, loud rung an alarm,
With a cry, frequent shouted, to rouse up and arm,
For the foe to their calling had fled !

When the cause of the clamour was found,
To result from the stranger's late flight,
Wolfindoph commanded, without more ado,
They'd return to repose, nor attempt to pursue
The health-borrow'd form of a spright !

But a favor'd one chose from the band,
He requested behind might remain ;
And the cause of emotion, his reasons for flight,
Why the mildew of fate seem'd his prospects to blight,
He in confidence thus did explain.

“ I'm the son of a Landgrave, and heir
“ To estates, twice the worth of our spoils ;
“ And had virtue been fix'd in my sin-brooding breast,
“ I might have shar'd comforts by Providence blest ;
“ Not been drove to seek shelter in wilds.

“ But now unavailing remorse,
“ For repentance, alas ! came too late ;
“ The vices of infancy ripen'd with guilt,
“ And to gain large possession, I wantonly spilt
“ The blood, that calls vengeance from fate !

“ My parent I thought was unjust,
“ In denying large claims on his store ;
“ When resolving no longer restriction to bear,
“ I in one fatal hour, urg'd on by despair,
“ Barter'd peace, which can charm me no more !

“ With feelings remorseless and base,
“ And loathing the cause of restraint ;
“ I murder'd my Father—possess'd his domain,
“ And by riotous living, long sought to obtain,
“ Those joys, which the happy can paint. .

“ But vain was my hopes of content,
“ And fleeting the moment of bliss :
“ The Ghost of my Father reproach'd me at night,
“ And hunted my conscience, estrang'd from delight,
“ I preferr'd an assylum like this.

“ Thro' a courage our comrades oft prov'd,
“ I was chosen their guardian and chief ;
“ And from custom, expected to check the remorse,
“ That still with upbraidings, condemns my sad course,
“ And precludes, even hope of relief.

“ The form we last night saw appear
“ In the forest, and lately has fled ;
“ Commanded I’d hasten with undelay’d speed
“ To yield it repose, and the way is decreed ;
“ I must visit the vaults of the dead !

“ Where entomb’d lies my Father’s cold corse,
“ And from thence, at dead midnight remove,
“ The gore clotted weapon, a shock to my sight,
“ What would virtue appall, and the guilty affright,
“ Are the horrors it doom’d me to prove !”——

Thus after proposing the means
“ Of escape, by his aid from the crew ;
Hid beneath the dark cowl of a monk lately dead,
And leaving his friend the banditti to head,
’Gan his long dismal way to pursue.

Nor staid he to rest, till arriv’d
Within sight of his wealthy domain ;
When by darkness hid, thro’ a known private door,
He enter’d the castle at night to explore,
The spot that gave respite to pain.

The bell, in dull tones, had struck twelve,
And his heart, puls'd with fear, beat his breast :
He descended the vault thro' the damp awful gloom,
By the aid of a lamp, soon discover'd the tomb
With death's fleshless mementos dress'd.

With a sin-palsied hand, he drew near,
The pennance impos'd to perform ;
He remov'd from the coffin the costly cloth'd lid,
And drew back in amaze, when beneath he saw hid,
A rude-modell'd image's form.

At that instant a loud sounding gong,
With its stunning rebound smote his ear ;
And the door of a sepulchre op'd with a crash,
From whence he perceiv'd, by the light's vivid flash,
A form in dark mantle appear.

But soon his still pulse was reviv'd,
When he found himself circled around
By the arms of the stranger ; who to his warm breast,
The wonder-struck Robber affectionate press'd,
And thus broke a silence profound.

“ Unhappy and misguided boy !

“ View the bounties we share from above—

“ It rescu’d my life from a paricide’s hand,

“ And prevented the horrors he guiltily plann’d,

“ And restores him to parental love.

“ An old steward, most worthy of trust,

“ My recovery faithful conceal’d ;

“ He aided my schemes, when at midnight I strove,

“ By my death suppos’d visits, affrighting, to prove,

“ The contrition your conduct reveal’d.

“ Oh ! return but to virtue’s smooth path,

“ And content will your moments beguile ;

“ Let repentance, the sense of past errors remove,

“ While deserving, you live to share fortune and love,

“ Promoted by Providence’s smile !”

The transition from horror to joy,

Overcame a heart, broke with despair ;

Round the knees of his parent, the penitent clung,

While the big manly tear spar’d the use of his tongue,

And he liv’d, to prove worthy his care.

AN ACROSTIC

ON MISS

Accept, dear fair, a Brother's cordial lays,
Nor think them lines of adulating praise ;
No fulsome panegyric clogs the verse,
Expressive truth, means only to rehearse.

May'st thou enjoy, thro' life's full chequer'd course
A mental heart, delighting pure resource ;
Rich in possession, of the soul, and mind,
In every action, elegant ! refined !
A specimen of woman, heaven design'd !—

For what avails a dignity of birth,
If virtue dresses not the clod of earth ?
Secure in this, then every joy possess
Heaven will smile, and such a being bless :
Ever preserve this highly envied state,
Receive here homage, be hereafter great !

An Address

TO THE

D E I T Y*.



To thee, great parent of existing form,
Prime font from whence the stream of goodness flows
In unexhausted purity ; to Thee
My orisons belong.—Let not the sin,
The frailties of my youth, e'er yet the mind
With sober judgment hold due conference,
Exclude me from thy smile.—Frequent my heart
With gratitude expands, and silent thanks,
Tho' latent from the world : for not alone
Devotion sheds its sanctity of flame
On outward adoration ; oft it beams

* For the following Poem, I am indebted to the assistance of a friend.

Its vivifying ray upon the breast
Of modest privacy.—When early morn
Leads on the attendant hours : when highest noon
Rides in the centre of the day, and eve
Comes dress'd in shade, drawing o'er Nature's face
Her adulating hand—then swells my mind
Replete with thee.—Abstracted from the scene,
O'er which terrestrial speculation bends
Her avaricious eye, full many a sigh
In holy fervency to thee ascends,
And through the curtain of opponent vice
Breaks faithful, genuine.—Accept, I pray,
This tribute of my heart, 'till by degrees
On virtue's everlasting base I stand
Erect, and trample on the neck of sin.

How then my breast with love divine will glow,
Each mortal wish contemning, and each thought
Adapting to thy will!—Transporting change!
That were a conquest worthy to engage
Each human effort; richer than the spoil
Snatch'd by the victor's hand, when gorged Death

Stands satiate o'er the foe—yet dearer far
Than is the laurel nodding on his brow,
Returning glorious from th' embattled field,
In all the glare of pride, and farce of triumph.
How lovely will the cheek of Nature look,
Wearing the smile of constancy, when sin
Shall be exterminated.—Satan then,
Hopeless of future prey, amidst his flames
Shall howl in solitary woe—and once,
Yet once again, shall angels visit earth
With tears extatic, and commune with man.
If nam'd with this, the sound of pleasure's dull,
From low mortality deriv'd.—'Tis pain,
'Tis misery's extreme, if once compar'd
To joy like this, so lasting and sublime.

But, oh! when I reflect how manifold,
How countless man's transgressions are—by Thee,
By Thee alone recorded—'midst the rest,
Mine, too, for ever in the roll of Heav'n
Inscrib'd indelible.—I think—I pause—
Nor dare to ask remission.—Conscious still

In error I persist—Yet thou art good,
And from eternity didst reign supreme,
Unutterably good.—Uplift me, then,
And place me near the sunshine of thine eye :
My soul regenerate : for without thee,
All strength is vain, and weak endeavour faints.

Ungrateful man ! how long wilt thou pursue
The step of syren pleasure ?—And how long
Her bitter sweets imbibe ?—Say, canst thou live
Unthankful on the blessing of the day,
Count every moment, that abridges life,
Of good productive, nor attune thy mind
To moral sentiment ?—Not plaud thy hands
Erected to Jehovah, nor his praise
Resound with sacred rapture ?—Wretch ! thou canst,
Canst reap the treasure of the fertile plain,
Made fertile by Omnipotence—canst feel,
Unmov'd, the rennovating orb of light,
And eye with unconcern the broad extent
Of love celestial—how creation round
Thrives by benevolence supreme.—All this

Inglorious canst thou do, nor mark the hand
That fills earth's lap with vernal herb and flow'r,
Autumnal fruit, and Ceres' golden grain,
The hand that from thy seat of selfish pride
Can instantaneous whirl thee to perdition.

—Perhaps thou fondly dreamst to sin secure
Through his infinitude of love.—Dream on,
'Till justice shall arouse, and bid thee wake
To horror inconceivable ;—'till guilt,
Thine antecedent guilt, shall feel the rod
Of irritated vengeance.---'Tho' she limp
On lazy-pacing foot, yet shalt thou find
She quickens by delay : yet shalt thou find
'Thou canst not 'scape her vulnerating arm.
Then wilt thou rue, that erst in evil hour
Thou welcom'st vice---whilst Piety the tear
Of tend'rest pity wept, as to her dome,
With hand of consecrated innocence,
The goddess pointed---yet, to her return
A faithful proselyte, nor dare provoke
The sleeping thunder of all-righteous Heav'n.

Where can I turn mine eye, but goodness beams
Its influence omnipresent :—In the deep
It shines confess'd :—for in the liquid world
Whatever floats, existence draws from Thee,
Great cause of all.—Whatever through the air
Stretches the plume, and ventilates its way :
Whate'er the nutrimental herbage crops,
Or crawls on earth submissive, lives sustain'd
By bounty universal and divine.—
Were this remov'd, all nature then would faint,
And drop to primal nought—all order cease—
And earth, and sea, and air, become one viewless blank.
What is this ingrate man, that thou on him
Shouldst kindly lavish all thy bounteous store ?
This supercilious wretch ! who, ere he gains
The steep ascent of knowledge, measures half
His brevity of being ?—Would he use
His mental pow'rs aright, this spot of earth
He would illumine with peculiar splendour,
Clear as the brightest firmamental star,
When all is peace, and not a busy cloud
Spreads its obstructing sail athwart the air.

But oh ! when retrospection shews the cross,
Where, in atonement for the sins of man,
Thy precious Son wept blood, and with a sigh,
A duteous sigh, expir'd!—redeeming then
The forfeit souls of mortals---how I marvel
At this immensity of love!---I weep---
Ungrateful as I am, I weep---for oh !
Reflection prompts the penitential tear.
Flow on---'tis grief celestial :---if it springs
Pure through the heart's contrition---Faith has yet
Comforts in store for me.---Her hand shall cleanse
The earth-stain that contaminates my soul---
Thron'd in her safe asylum, on my brow
Eternity shall fix the coronet of Heav'n.---


When in a nation's cause a hero falls,
(Goaded, perchance, with mad ambition's rage,)
How loud swift-pinion'd fame, with open mouth,
His valiant acts re-bellows to the world !
For him the servile poet choicely culls
Each mercenary laurel, and records
His high achievements in immortal verse ;

(Immortal, if the century of time
Be immortality) and on the wall,
The trophy'd wall of praise, a mimic life
To him each rival son of sculpture gives.---
If this be worth the care of mortal minds,
Much more that symbol of celestial love
For human race apostate.—Let us bend
The knee of worship here—here shed the tear
Of prostrate penitence—here let the heart
Own its great debt.—Obdurate sinner! blush,
Be Virtue's heir; repent, and be forgiven.

Oh! all-sufficient! thou perfection sole
Of love illimitable, in thy might
Unbounded and stupendous! how shall man,
Straining thine excellence to comprehend,
Climb up the precipice of thought.—Alas!
In wonder he is lost, nor can the mind
Pursue its travel further, than to see
A part of thy amazing whole, and thence
To rest convinc'd, and seeing, to adore.

Hark !—how the wing'd inhabitants of air,
In choral unison of nature's music,
Pour forth their canticles of joy—pour'd forth
Their gratitude to testify.—To me
The bleats that echo from the fleecy plains,
And the responsive lowings of the vale,
Like a thanksgiving sound.—From nature's feast
Refresh'd they rise, and leave the rest to man.—
He reaps the surplus, and forgets the hand
That plac'd the benefaction in his reach.

Let memory for ever on my mind
Impress the signet of thy fairest hour ;
For, oh ! it was a blest one—when thou said'st,
Let there be light—and at thy potent word,
Omnific bidding ! straight yon globe arose,
With dazzling super-eminence, and spread
Its silver edging round the sable pall
Of darkness.—Hail, oh Sun !—in hailing thee,
The hand that lighted up thy lamp I praise.—
Without thy aid, what were the di'mond's blaze,

Or what the ruby, whence the sight derives
The rays of crimson tinge?—Within the lap
Of night, invisible, they rest conceal'd,
As pebbles, indiscriminate.—Thy flame
Their sparkle kindles, and thy lustre beams
The proud distinction on the raptur'd eye.
Hail to thy genial fire, that o'er the morn
Streams gladness inexpressive.—All things wear
The smile of sympathy, when night resigns
Her ebon sceptre to thy golden sway.
Thro' thee the earth brings forth.—The laughing flow'r
Its breast expands, inviting all thy rays,
And courting air to idle on its sweets.—
Wert thou eclips'd, how would the visual nerve
In slumber sink.—No longer, then, the sight
Of human face divine can charm.—The bloom
Of beauty fades.—Deformity may claim
An equal privilege to be admir'd.—
Where art thou, seraph Gratitude? Come down,
Down from the rock of virtue, and to man, 
Rob'd in the vestment of humility,
Stand forth reveal'd.—'Tis she shall teach my tongue

Her note celestial, in my throbbing heart
Her balm infuse, and bend my stubborn knee.—
Oh! infinite of mercy! What but love
To man, ineffable, and patient suff'ring,
Thy wrath can supersede?—E'en while I speak,
Thy pow'r, as quick as thou art slow to punish,
Can blot me from existence, and for ever,
Tremendous thought! torment, or bless my soul.
But how unfit I am to meet thy sight
Full well thou know'st.—Thy pity bids me live,
To preparation live.—Come, then, my heart,
Thus ever let my lips pour forth thy song.

“ For me, the circling seasons of the year
“ Shall find me hymning my Creator's name.
“ When Spring, in vest of purest æther clad,
“ Creation's womb impregnates:—and when Sol
“ Gives heat to summer months: when Autumn smiles
“ At Ceres' plenteous horn, and gladsome bends
“ Beneath Pomona's kind, oppressive load:
“ When shiv'ring Winter o'er the lazy flood
“ His gelid arm imposes, and entwines

• Each weeping Naiad with his icy chain :
“ Or whether on the earth’s contracted bed
“ He spreads his ample sheet of snow, or shakes
“ The hill-top, yielding to his potent breath :
“ At every revolution, long as life
“ My bosom warms, to note of holy praise
“ My harp will I attune, and celebrate
“ The God of goodness, and the God of pow’r.”

The Italian.

“ My sad soul !
“ Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene ;
“ Such a retreat as I would wish to find :
“ An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees,
“ Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
“ Ravens and birds ill-omen'd only dwell :
“ No sound to break the silence, but a brook
“ That, bubbling, winds among the weeds ; no mark
“ Of any human shape, that had been there ;
“ Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
“ Who had, long since, like me, by love undone,
“ Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.”

Rowe.

ON a smooth grassy plat, 'side a murmuring stream,
That dullness invok'd by its sound ;
When the warm mid-day sun, with his life cheering beam,
Richly tinted the verdure around.

A Recluse, faint and weary, depress'd and forlorn,
To the smart of sore conscience a prey,
Thus the pangs of a heart, prob'd by misery's thorn,
He express'd, as despairing he lay.

- “ Ye dull senseless hearers of sorrows sad tale,
“ Trees” (said he) “ dead to feeling and grief ;
“ May be taught by a breeze, my sad fate to bewail,
“ And to pity display, drop a leaf.
- “ The gift, tho’ a small one, will shew that e’en you !
“ May be mov’d by the force of my sighs ;
“ And with foliage, all cover’d with tears, by the dew,
“ A sympathy, affluence denies.
- “ Gone by are the days, when with pleasure employ’d,
“ Content deck’d each room in our cot,
“ But ’tis past, for misfortune her bounties destroy’d,
“ And she left me, to pine at my lot.
- “ Then oh ! kind oblivion, magical sweet !
“ Thou sure balsam in life’s thorny road !
“ Hear my ’plaints, and oh ! guide a poor wanderers feet
“ To the bourn, thou hast made thy abode.
- “ But I sink with fatigue, and my thirst wou’d invite
“ Me, to damp my parch’d lips in the stream :”
This said, he his shell fill’d to drink, when the sight
Of a stranger, concluded his theme.

He gaz'd with surprize, as he knelt by the brook,
On the well-dress'd unknown, by his side,
And demanded his mission, with sorrowful look,
When the stranger, most courteous, reply'd :

- “ Like the dull moaning bird, that still all the day long
“ To the grove, tells its sad woe-fraught tale ;
“ Say why you complain ? from what source can have
“ sprung
“ The woes, which thou seem'st to bewail ?
“ Hast thou felt from thy friends some unmerited wrong ?
“ Or art thou, a sad martyr to love ?
“ If to anguish like mine thou could'st ever belong,
“ I'll console, what my wealth can't remove ;
“ I'm akin to affliction, and know how to feel
“ For the sorrows, the abject endure :
“ Then refuse not, I pray thee, those griefs to reveal,
“ Which, perhaps, I can help thee to cure.”——

The recluse shook his head, as he check'd the deep sigh
That had strove for a pass from his breast ;
For a time, seem'd determin'd the wish to deny,
And, reluctant, his sorrows confess'd ;

- .. Near the Pyrenees mountains, there yet stands the cot,
“ Wherein dwelt a most kind loving pair ;
“ And the warm sun of plenty long shone on a spot,
“ It had strove to make blest, by its care.
“ Then the morning was welcome that peep’d o’er the hill,
“ Not a whisper was heard on the plain ;
“ Save the murmuring sound of some bubbling rill,
“ By the echo resounded again.
“ From his thatch-cover’d hut, father rose to his toil,
“ With contentment and health in his face ;
“ While his lov’d lisping young, wou’d his labours beguile,
“ By their prattle and eager embrace.
“ From the bounties of fortune ’twas, largely we drew,
“ While our cottage seem’d shunn’d by all strife ;
“ And only the name of affliction, we knew,
“ For joy slop’d our path-way thro’ life.
“ ’Till chance, whom we welcom’d, grew pregnant with
care,
“ Then that friend, we all thought, to our kin,
“ When the moment arriv’d for our grief to prepare,
“ To our cottage she came---to lye in.

- “ My sister, whom nature had form’d to delight,
“ Was by villany lur’d from her home ;
“ And the death-wounds she gave by her indiscreet flight,
“ Causes me, a sad pilgrim, to roam.—
- “ Distracted with sorrow, my father exclaim’d,
“ ‘She is fled, all the joy of my age!’
“ Then he’d weep, ’till his manhood of tears grew asham’d,
“ And then storm, in the frenzy of rage.
- “ My mother, to soothe him, her fears all conceal’d,
“ For the maid, she pray’d heav’n to save ;
“ ’Till the poison she smother’d was too soon reveal’d!
“ And she follow’d despair, to the grave.
- “ In our garden, we bury’d this emblem of worth,
“ Where our tears help’d to moisten the mould ;
“ And the flowers that bloom o’er her remnant of earth,
“ Can the dear sainted spot now unfold.
- “ To the grave of my mother, my father oft went,
“ There, to offer his sorrowful prayer !
“ For his daughter’s return, ’till, with grief become spent,
“ He would faint, with the weight of his care.

- “ I in vain, strove to comfort a mind thus distress’d,
“ To remove him, one evening I try’d ;—
“ ‘Would you tear me,’ said he, ‘from a prospect of rest?
“ When I die, lay me close by her side!
- “ Hark! thy mother, boy, calls! see, she beckons me hence,
“ Stay, I follow, thou angel!’ he cried,
“ Then he star’d like a maniac lost to all sense,
“ Hugg’d her grave, gave a groan, and thus died!—
- “ Nearly broken with woes, too acute for my years,
“ I fulfill’d the afflicting demand ;
“ I re-open’d the grave, which I wet with my tears,
“ And plac’d virtue and worth hand in hand ;
- “ And the jessamine, twining around the thin stems
“ Of the vi’lets more delicate frame,
“ I have artfully planted a trophy to gems,
“ And in flowrets, decypher’d their name.—
- “ By industry’s aid, I now hop’d to provide,
“ ’Gainst the sad piercing calls of distress ;
“ Was by Providence taught, in her smiles to confide,
“ Who ne’er yet left the virtuous unblest.

“ I rejected the fears that my state would excite,

“ Thrown adrift, on the ocean of life ;

“ For while peace, wrapt my couch in her curtain at night,

“ I defy’d all the dæmons of strife.

“ But, the calm of contentment forbidden to share,

“ I, too soon, was surrounded by woe ;

“ And may others, from my sad example, beware,

“ Of the terrors, revenge can bestow.

“ One cold winter’s night, I went early to bed,

“ Where in vain I attempted to sleep ;

“ When a voice spoke its anguish from misery’s shed,

“ Where unshelter’d distress, seem’d to weep.

“ With a heart prone to pity, I listen’d with care,

“ When, from wishing to comfort, I cried,

“ As I rose from my bed, ‘ answer quickly, who’s there ?’

“ And a voice from without thus replied :

“ ‘ Oh ! spurn not the wretchedness stretch’d at your door,

“ Whose cold threshold hath pillow’d my head ;

“ For no greater compassion my wants dare implore,

“ Save the peace that is promis’d the dead.’

“ This index to woe was a probe to my heart,

“ And I ran to the door with a light ;

“ But the shock I receiv'd sure no tongue can impart,

“ Nor express what I felt at the sight.

“ A form, faint and lifeless, lay stretch'd to my view,

“ Whose loose tresses had veiled her face,

“ And the sad seat of hope, whence her misery grew,

“ Her torn robe then expos'd, through the space.

“ Her bosom, thus bare, seem'd convuls'd as in death,

“ As I strain'd every nerve, to assist her,

“ She reviv'd by my aid, and recov'ring her breath,

“ Drew her hair back, and shew'd me—MY SISTER !—

“ For a time I stood lost, between pity and rage,

“ While she kneeling, in tears, did implore,

“ I would deign with my pardon, the pangs to assuage,

“ Of the wretch, I saw eurst, at my door.

“ Then, embracing my knees, she with eagerness gaz'd

“ Round the room, like one frantie, and cried,

“ ‘ Do my parents still live ? ’ in a tone like one craz'd,

“ Whom to soothe, I in terms thus replied :

- “ ‘From the sound of your voice, they both hurried away,
“ ‘To the garden, ’midst darkness and dew ;
“ ‘Where ’tis like they have found, ’side some hillock of
“ ‘clay,
“ ‘A concealment, to shield them from view.
“ ‘Be advis’d, on the morrow, go fall at their feet,
“ ‘Let contrition assist the intent,
“ ‘Thus forgiveness from two injur’d parents entreat,
“ ‘And their silence will speak their consent.’
“ ‘Worn with hunger, remorse, and the bleak piercing wind,
“ ‘She obey’d the ambiguous request ;
“ ‘Bow’d her head, clasp’d my neck, gave a heart-rending
“ ‘sigh,
“ ‘And in silence retired to rest.
“ ‘But the morning, so dreaded, arriving, I told
“ ‘With a tenderness due to her state ;
“ ‘After reason’s kind aid had her anguish consol’d,
“ ‘Her parents’ lamentable fate.
“ ‘But description now falters, denying her aid,
“ ‘The sad moving scene to display ;
“ ‘For since grief’s grown an inmate, tho’ often essay’d,
“ ‘She forbids me her force to betray.

- “ When composure had yielded her balm to the breast,
“ Oft bedew’d with a penitent’s tear,
“ I enquir’d the cause of her being distress’d,
“ Of her flight, from her parents kind care.
- “ She strove, for a time the big drops to restrain,
“ That from two swollen eye-lids, quick ran ;
“ Wrung her hands, tore her hair, and from visible pain,
“ Gave a groan, and thus weeping began :—
- “ ‘ Was not Paradise lost by poor list’ning Eve,
“ Thro’ a serpent’s most plausible tale ;
“ Who, admiring the fruit, and too prone to believe,
“ Found her ruin, in sin’s rich regale ?
- “ Thus in innocence bred, and from artifice free,
“ I felt not the pangs love bestow,
“ I knew no affliction, but with unrestrain’d glee,
“ I derided his arts and his bow.
- “ But how dear was that daring, how vain was that sport !
“ The dread hour, the date of my woes,
“ Came too soon and convinc’d me, that bliss was but short,
“ And I wak’d from a dream of repose.

“ The despoiler of innocence, treacherous man !

“ Found me artless, a dupe to his snare ;

“ First he spread the vile lure, that should virtue trepan,

“ Then expos’d me, a prey to despair.

“ Cloy’d with fondness unwish’d, and restrain’d by my

“ care,

“ From pursuits that induc’d him to roam,

“ While barbarity help’d him, his hate to declare.

“ He depriv’d me of honor and home.

“ Abandon’d to ruin, and stamp’d with disgrace,

“ A victim to want and remorse ;

“ I have wander’d heart-broken, yet met with no place,

“ That could comfort or stay my sad course.

“ But, ah ! why such mishap should a true passion prove ?

“ Torn with anguish, estrang’d from all joy ;

“ For, alas ! had I known ’twas imprudent to love,

“ I had fled from those hopes that destroy.

“ When night’s awful stillness, had aided her gloom,

“ When the moon broke the clouds with her glare,

“ I’ve sought shelter and rest in some time-hollow’d tomb ;

“ Yet my sorrows, alas ! found me there.

“ But when death’s icy hand ’gan to spread round my heart

“ A numbness, that fetter’d my feet ;

“ I determin’d, ere life’s quiv’ring lamp should depart,

“ My parents to seek, and entreat

“ They would pardon a wretch, whose sad torments below,

“ Had requited her indiscreet love ;

“ On a penitent convert, that blessing bestow,

“ Which should waft me to regions above.

“ For the shrill bird of omèn, with incessant scream,

“ Bids me hope the glad moment is near ;

“ That shall drown all my woes in oblivion’s stream,

“ And in death dry up misery’s tear.’——

“ Here she brought to conclusion her sorrowful tale,

“ Thus declar’d her abuse and her shame ;

“ When disgust for her treatment no longer could veil

“ The hatred, that made me exclaim :

“ ‘ Shall a wretch lost to feeling, still bask in delights

“ He has stol’n from Credulity’s shrine ?

“ Shall he still plan the ruin, that honor affrights,

“ And glory in virtue’s decline ?

- “ No, thou poor injur’d girl, do not droop, do not cry,
“ In his death shall your wrongs be redress’d,
“ I will find out the villain who causes that sigh,
“ And a poniard convey to his breast.’
- “ She conjur’d me to stifle the horrible thought,
“ To leave him to conscience and heav’n ;
“ And the man who, so basely, her ruin had wrought,
“ She implor’d might by me be forgiv’n.
- “ Her prayers were in vain, for my parents sad fate
“ Help’d the hasty resolve to complete ;
“ I sought this despoiler, this cursed ingrate,
“ Whom I stabb’d one dark night in the street.
- “ ’Twas the vengeance that arm’d me, assisted the aim,
“ And he fell to the earth with a groan ;
“ And while rage steel’d my heart, I expected from Fame,
“ Her trophy, for what I had done.
- “ But when reason return’d to its seat, which despair
“ And revenge, had usurp’d in my breast ;
“ It shrunk from the pangs that were rankling there,
“ Which continue to rob me of rest.

- “ Thus by conscience tormented, I fled from the place
“ Where my sister has found a retreat ;
“ And the life which her sorrows have made her embrace,
“ Is with penance and prayer now replete.
“ In a convent, she nurtures the canker-worm grief,
“ Which assists her fair frame to consume ;
“ Intreating the saints to afford that relief,
“ She can only expect in the tomb.
“ For me, with upbraidings, that spring from remorse,
“ I in solitude, wear out the day ;
“ And still hunted by conscience, pursue my sad course,
“ Thro’ many a briery way.
“ And thus while my guilt, doth with terrors surround
“ A heart, nearly broken with care ;
“ I seek, while the blood tracks my path on the ground,
“ An asylum for woe and despair.”——
“ Stay your course,” cried the stranger, who laid bare his
breast,
“ From this moment your sorrows shall cease ;
“ I’ll erase the foul crime, that has broken your rest,
“ And this SCAR shall restore you to peace.

- “ I cans’d all the ruin that fell on your heads,
“ That laid waste all your ripening joy ;
“ And like the vile mildew, that pestilence spreads,
“ By a blight, could their blossoms destroy ;
“ Was the guilty promoter, of all the distress,
“ That hath tortur’d thy sister and thee ;
“ By the stab I receiv’d, I now swear to redress,
“ All the wrongs she has suffer’d from me.
“ Then lead me, my brother, with speed to the cell,
“ Where Jacintha is pining with woe,
“ I will make her my countess, your sorrows dispel,
“ And on both love and fortune bestow.
“ You shall doff that disguise, and no longer conceal
“ A young face in that reverend hood,
“ For thy person in splendour bedect, shall reveal,
“ A mind that ennobles thy blood.”—
“ That I’m guiltless of murder !” the Pilgrim exclaim’d,
In a tone that denoted his joy ;
“ Is a happiness greater than any you’ve nam’d—
“ Is a happiness, time cannot cloy.

- “ For the world, I despise it, tho’ few are my years,
“ I have seen, try’d, and prov’d its deceit,
“ I’ll accept no profusion, attended by cares,
“ But my days end in virtue’s retreat :
- “ I saw justice subservient to infamy’s bribe,
“ Compassion, to affluence no kin,
“ I found honesty beggar’d by oppression’s tribe,
“ Who found wealth only gain’d by the sin !
- “ I’ve seen virtue an outcast, and spurn’d from the door
“ Of the prude, who told beads at her shrine ;
“ I’ve seen friendship a mask, which the base often wore !
“ And honor in misery pine.
- “ Like a wild flow’r possessing an odourous sweet,
“ Bent to earth by some mischievous tread ;
“ I’ve seen merit half naked, expos’d to the street,
“ And bare-foot, imploring for bread !
- “ Thus your offers I scorn, tho’ I thank the intent,
“ Seek my sister, restore her to glee ;
“ And if no dire mischance should the meeting prevent,
“ Make her happy, as you have made me.

“ But if in the earth her dear ashes are laid,

“ Don’t exult in the death-wound you gave !

“ But, relenting, confess that the love-martyr’d maid.

“ Was thro’ perfidy, doom’d to the grave.

“ Thou, the chief boon propitious that Heav’n bestows,

“ Content ! all my sorrows shall cure ;

“ While I taste in retirement, that bliss and repose,

“ Religion and truth shall insure.”—

“ These romantic thoughts ill accord with thy youth,”

Said the marquis, “ so pr’ythee give o’er ;

“ Thou shalt help me bestow upon sorrow and truth,

“ And Jacintha—those blessings in store.

“ Without thee, thy sister would grieve for a loss,

“ Do not then for seclusion contend ;

“ You shall share all the joys, which your absence would

“ cross,

“ As my brother, nay dearer, my friend.”—

“ ’Tis in vain, (cried the Pilgrim), the world hath no joy,

“ That could tempt, or with riches ensnare

“ A mind, which thy kindness would only annoy,

“ ’That’s devoted, to penance and prayer.”—

* * * * *

The Pilgrim has found his desir'd retreat ;
Jacintha is bless'd with her love ;
And the joys that assist their delights to complete,
Is the much-envied gift from above.



*MORNING.***THE GARDEN.**

- “THE sun gilds the meadow, the birds leave their nest,
“ To warble salutes to the dawn ;
“ Its warm rays, with splendour, illumines the east,
“ And brightens the dew on the lawn.
- “ Whilst the sons of high life, to indulgence give way,
“ And idle the prime of their hours,
“ Let us, my dear Fanny, the garden survey,
“ And admire the growth of the flowers.
- “ The tall gaudy tulip, observe as you walk,
“ How sumptuous the gloss of its vest !
“ How grand ! and how proudly it rocks on its stalk,
“ In beauty’s diversity drest !

- “ From the rose, the carnation, sweet-briar and clove,
“ What odours, most exquisite, spring !
“ The zephyr rich essence transmits to the grove,
“ When he brushes their leaves with his wing.
“ Aloof from the rest, in her purple array,
“ The violet lowly retreats ;
“ In modest concealment she peeps at the day,
“ Tho’ none can excel her in sweets :
“ So humble, that tho’ with unparallel’d grace,
“ She might e’en a palace adorn ;
“ She oft in the weeds hides her innocent face,
“ And blooms at the foot of a thorn.
“ So beauty, my Fanny, is doubly refin’d,
“ When modesty heightens her charms ;
“ When meekness, like thine, adds a gem to her mind,
“ Who’d not wish to be held in her arms.”
-

*EVENING.***THE MANIAC.**

“ **WHY** weeps yonder female ?” said Harry and John,
As they saunter’d one eve thro’ the park ;
“ She’s seated dejected, with no bonnet on
“ Drench’d with rain ; let us halt there and mark.
“ Her raiment, tho’ tatter’d, may shelter a breast,
“ Untainted by poverty’s smart ;
“ Let’s with modest attention, learn how she’s distress’d,
“ And, if possible, comfort impart.”——

A time they sat silent, ’till, meeting her eyes,
Red and swollen with grief’s briny tear ;
When in pity they begg’d, she’d calm her deep sighs.
And believe their compassion sincere.

- “ Is it kindness that prompts you !” she wildly replied,
“ To sooth a heart bursting with grief ?
“ Or are you in wantonness come to deride
“ A poor wretch, that don’t ask your relief ?
“ I’ve no home ! I’ve no father ! relation nor friend,
“ Save an infant ; my heaven, my all !
“ It lies dead, free from harm, in security penn’d,
“ And my raiment, at night, is its pall.
“ For ’tis then that the wind makes me shiver and shake,
“ When I hug the pale lamb to my breast ;
“ But death lulls his slumber, and wont let him wake,
“ Or my noise sure would injure his rest.
“ But the straw that he lies on, is tassel’d with gold,
“ And his blanket bedeck’d with rich laee ;
“ I shall bathe him to-night, for the water is cold,
“ And bring colour again in his face.
“ If you guess where I’ve hid him, don’t tell ; will you,
say ?
“ If you do, my sore heart-strings would bleed ;
“ For some unfeeling robber, might steal him away.
“ And then, I’d go frantic indeed !

“ For d’ye know, ’cause my tears are deceitful, and tell

“ That I’m dry—tho’ they moisten my lip ;

“ The people do stare so—they think I’m not well !

“ But I laugh !—and away from them trip.”—

This said, she rose up, and adjusting her dress,

Whose torn remnants were spread to the wind ;

She curtsied, and wishing that God might them bless,

Fled with speed, often looking behind.—

“ Alas ! she’s insane,” said the youth with a sigh,

“ And despair seems to rage in her breast !

“ I wish I could heal it, or knew how to try

“ Any means to restore her to rest.

“ Perhaps in her mind, tho’ neglected, were sown

“ Seeds of worth, from rich nature’s supply ;

“ Which, nurtur’d by kindness and care, might have

“ grown


“ To perfection, and ravish’d the eye :

“ Or e’en the calm sunshine of parental care,

“ Her sad heart, with its warmth, ne’er impress’d ;

“ Ill treatment might doom the poor maid to despair,

“ And check virtue, tho’ ripe, in her breast.

- “ Like the shoots of a flower-bud, brighten'd by day,
“ 'Till in bloom all expanded appears ;
“ Its colours soon fade, all its beauties decay,
“ And time blights, what the nursery rears.
- “ But 'tis Heav'ns decree, and its dictates are just,
“ Ordaining events for the best ;
“ And this poor wretched being hereafter, I trust,
“ Will find peace, in the realms of the blest.”
- 

THE STORM KING,

A SONNET.



HEARD you the wailing scream, at midnight hour,
Of the Storm King?—Heard you the rattling show'r
Pour down the steep; while, thro' the dismal gloom,
The bird of darkness channted from the tomb?
Heard you the neighb'ring monks despairing cry,
As, fir'd by lightning, blaz'd their monast'ry?
Heard you the dead men's mouths move to and fro,
And ghastly grin, and chatter tales of woe?
Heard you the trav'ler's agonizing shriek,
Tost by the roaring tempest, from the peak?
Heard you all nature shudder with affright,
Fearful her reign was clos'd in endless night?
While the fierce Storm King rode wild thro' the sky,
Those horrors heard you?—No!—No more did I.

THE SUICIDE.

LINES, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A YOUTH,
WHO DESTROYED HIMSELF BY POISON.

“ Every step I tread, methinks some fiend
Knocks at my breast, and bids it not be quiet :
I’ve heard how desperate wretches like myself
Have wander’d out at the dead hour of night
To meet the foe of mankind in his walk ;
Sure I’m so curst, that tho’ of Heav’n forsaken,
No minister of darkness comes to tempt me.” OTWAY.

DESPAIR prevails ! my destin’d course is run ;
My cares must finish, for my hopes are gone ;
The toils of life shall vanish from my sight,
And lose their horrors in eternal night !——
Oh, peace ! thou stranger to my aching breast,
In death I’ll seek thee ! surely *there* is rest !

And waft my spirit to that peaceful shore,
Where racking thought shall agonize no more ;
There gain that peace which here I sought in vain.
And death extinguish every sense of pain.

Oft have I strove to combat with despair,
But strove in vain ; it still presented care :
To might superior, I am forc'd to yield,
I've lost the battle, and must quit the field !—
Is it a crime for wretches to resign
A life of pain, so exquisite as mine ?—
For here, misfortune mark'd me for her own,
And joy or pleasure were to me unknown :
Then friendly death, I'll meet thee on the road,
And prove thy comforts in thy dark abode.

——The subtle poison flies thro' every vein,
Infects my blood, and agitates my brain !
Soon will this feeble, fluttering life be fled,
And my frail corse be numbered with the dead !
One earthly bliss alone I would implore—
To clasp my ***** to my heart once more :

But vain the wish, alas ! she's far away,
And few the moments I am doom'd to stay.
May heaven benignant, ever grant to thee
Those earthly blessings it denied to me ;
Of lawless love, the victim and the slave,
Unfit to live, I seek an early grave ;
There hope to hide my crimes and my despair,
And there forget, that ***** e'er was fair !—
—But, oh ! the agony of death I feel,
It rends the bosom it was call'd to heal !—
—Presumptuous wretch ! I've rais'd my guilty hand
Against my Maker's first and chief command !
But now remorse can ne'er the deed recall,
Nor fruitless penitence avert my fall.—

Oh ! thou, to whom all mercy doth belong,
Forgive the blindness that has led me wrong ;
Let thy compassion to a wretch be shewn,
And let my sorrows for my sins atone.—
Permit thy vengeance on my mortal part,
My aching sinews, and my tortur'd heart ;

And while in extacies of pain I roll,
Oh ! pour thy healing balsam on my soul !

* * * * *

—But life no longer can support the load,
Receive my spirit, oh ! most gracious God !
In thy blest presence let my soul awake,
And save, oh, save me ! for thy mercy's sake.



CHARITY'S RESIDENCE

WITH MRS. J. L.

THE GRACES were met on a weighty affair,
And a feast for the purpose was given ;
To which they respectively, each did repair,
To obey the injunctions of Heaven !

But when the rich banquet they came to surround,
A place there still vacant remain'd ;—
It was Charity's ;—she could not be found,
So their feasting awhile was detain'd.

Till Hope, with a smile, gently rose from her seat,
And entreated them not to delay,
“ For with JANE our fair Sister has found a retreat,
“ And a suiter I am for her stay.”

INSCRIPTION

UPON THE GRAVE-STONE OF MRS. A. F——.



If 'goodness such as thine, might claim a sigh,
Or to thy mem'ry call compassion's tear ;
Oft the salt drop, would fall from pity's eye,
And damp the sacred remnant rotting here !

* * * * *

Oh ! she was all Omnipotence intended
When, for perfection, it created Eve ;
God saw this master-piece, all goodness blended,
And for his heaven, bid her this life to leave.



L I N E S

TO THE MEMORY OF A LATE NAVAL HERO.



To the hall of the Gods, weeping, Charity came,
Imploring their king for redress ;
'Gainst the fates there arraign'd, while her sorrowful
claim,
Sought the weight of her woe to express.

“ To their care, mighty Jove, I entrusted my son !
“ When with Hope, we both arm'd him for sea :
“ And his ship wore the emblem of fame on her stern,
“ Which to crown him was guarded by me.

“ The foes of our favourite shore hove in sight ;
“ Do your duty, brave fellows !” he cried,
“ Remember for God, and our country we fight ;
“ While their cause is to sin close allied !”

“ The crew felt inspir’d, they boarded and beat ;

“ ’Till a ball, cruel Fates ! sent by thee,

“ Gave a heart-rending wound to his country and fleet,

“ And to sorrow unceasing doom’d me !”


“ Dry your tears !” cried great Ammon, “ we licenc’d

“ the deed,

“ And your loss you will cease to proclaim,

“ When you find, tho’ we’ve call’d him above, ’tis decreed

“ He shall live in the annals of Fame !”——



An Elegy,*

WRITTEN ON RETURNING FROM THE FUNERAL OF THE
RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX, ON FRIDAY, OCT. 10, 1806.

ADDRESSED TO LORD HOLLAND.

AND is this all?—That vast and vigorous mind,
Whose views embrac'd the good of all mankind ;
That reasoning eloquence, whose rapid course
Bore down the opposer with resistless force ;
That genius, from all trick and tinsel free,
Bright as the sun, and boundless as the sea ;
That heart, with friendship, love, and feeling fraught,
That world of knowledge, and that depth of thought ;

* The following Poem, a present from a friend unknown, I have, for the gratification of my friends, presumed to insert in a publication it cannot fail to enrich.

That truth, taste, sense, simplicity and worth. . . .

Oh! and are all then hid in that small heap of earth?

Weep, Albion, weep! thou wilt not weep alone;
The globe's four quarters shall repeat thy moan:
For where's the clime which hath not felt the care
Of one, whose liberal love all nature seem'd to share?
America shall grateful weep the sage
Who stemm'd the torrent of oppressive rage,
Cherish'd her generous zeal, and joyed to see
Her injur'd offspring's efforts to be free:
India, whose cause he labour'd to uphold,
Whose rights he pleaded, and whose wrongs he told,
Shall feel her breast with fond remembrance swell,
And mourn his loss, who mourn'd her woes so well.
On *Afric's* burning plains her sable sons,
While down their cheeks the stream of sorrow runs,
Shall bless the Man, who bade them dread no more
The servile chain, and lash that stream'd with gore.
And nearer home, embattled powers, who sigh
To sheathe the sword, and hop'd that rest was nigh,

Shall feel with Fox's death those hopes decrease,
And bleeding *Europe*, mourn the friend of peace.

In forms of fire, stamp'd on my heart and brain,
This day's funereal pomp shall still remain ;
Still I'll repeat—" Fate gave me once to see
" Malice herself, to virtue bend the knee,
" Yes ! Fox was mourn'd, as Fox deserv'd to be :"—
The Sovereign's power enjoin'd no public shew ;
The *pomp* was public, for the *grief* was so !
No courtier here display'd his gilded wand,
And mourn'd, obsequious, at his king's command ;
No pension'd hireling shewed his careless face,
To please his Patron, and preserve his place.
Here throng'd, with swelling hearts, and streaming eyes,
The Good, the Great, the Learned, and the Wise,
Here met to grieve, firm faith, and love sincere,
And patriot worth, sustain'd the kindred bier :
Here Britain sighed o'er many a ruin'd plan,
Friends o'er the Friend, and nature o'er the Man.

Nor did the nobler ranks all tears engross ;
A general anguish spoke a general loss.

As mov'd with measur'd pace the pomp along,
How reverent grief to statues turn'd the throng!
No smile of vacant pleasure shock'd the eye,
No sound the ear, unless a stifled sigh.
The mourners past, alone mark'd out to view
By weeds of black : the crowd were mourners too ;
And though nor flowing scarves, nor sable dress
Declar'd by outward signs the mind's distress,
They wore, what grief of heart more surely speaks,
Swoll'n eyes, dejected looks, and bloodless cheeks.
It seem'd, as slowly swung the passing bell,
On each full heart the solemn chimings fell :
Methought, on every lip a blessing hung,
But pious awe restrain'd the obedient tongue :
Each look spoke anguish ; scarce a cheek was dry ;
And blinded by the gush of tears, each eye
Spoke in the native tongue of genuine woe,
—“ We come t'admire the Friend, and not the
“ show.”—

Spread, towers of Alfred, spread your portals wide :
Guest more illustrious never swell'd thy pride !

To meet his corse ye kindred shades, arise,
Shades of the good, the glorious, and the wise,
For he was glorious, wise, and good, like you!
Give place, ye kings, and pay him reverence due!
Nor plead superior power, nor loftier birth;
His deeds are greatness, and HE ranks from worth.

Oh! sad, strange moment!—when that awful word,
Soul-felt, soul-rending, “dust to dust,” was heard,
How stood the blood congeal’d in every vein!
How memory wrung the heart, and fir’d the brain!
Oft as these walls have heard the solemn sound,
And oft as tears have dewed this hallow’d ground,
From nobler eyes a tribute more sincere
Ne’er flow’d, oh, Fox! than flow’d to bathe thy
bier!

There princely DEVON labour’d to restrain
His bursting grief, but labour’d still in vain:
In sorrow dignified, there MOIRA stood,
MOIRA the brave, the generous, and the good:
There HOWICK’S heart was torn by many a sigh,
And soft affection dimm’d his burning eye,

When in the grave he saw for aye descend,
 His mind's bright model, and his heart's best friend :
 He, too, the just, the true, the pure, the kind,
 'The mild in manners, and the firm in mind,
 (Who mourn'd the means, yet still pursu'd the end,
 Who left the statesman, yet still kept the friend ;
 And counting Fox's heart his proudest boast,
 Who e'en when most they differ'd, lov'd him most)—
 FITZWILLIAM there, as swell'd the requiem strain,
 Wept o'er his earliest friendship's broken chain :
 And there too, THOU, heir to the patriot's flame,
 Heir to his worth, his talents, and his name ;
 Allied by virtue as allied by blood,
 Like Fox sincere, warm, candid, kind, and good,
 Thou, HOLLAND No ; let others fill the line ;
 'Twould pain *my* heart too much, to speak the pains of
 thine.

Nor those alone, whom earthly grief excites,
 Here hang the head—to grace the funeral rites,
 Lo ! where a band of bright ethereal powers,
 Sigh o'er his corse, and deck his grave with flowers.

There stand the *patriot virtues*, loth to part
For ever from their favourite home, his heart.
There *History* droops, absorb'd in speechless grief,
Blotting with idle tears the unfinish'd leaf,
And trampling in the dust those useless boughs
Of bays, she gather'd to adorn his brows.
Mourning her sons disfranchised, (while her eyes
Pursue the Patriot's shade to opening skies,)
Religion there in sable garments stands,
And clasps in meek despair her shackled hands :
And there, too, *Peace* her olive loves to wave,
And strews its wither'd leaves on Fox's grave :
For well she knows, e'en at that last sad hour,
When nature yielded to disease's power,
Compell'd from fame, from life, from love to part,
Her absence still sat heaviest on his heart :
And *Freedom* there, distracted and forlorn,
With breast all bleeding, and with locks all torn,
Weeps for his loss, nor weeps his loss alone ;
She fears that Fox's fate involves her own.—
E'en now from Afric's shores she hears again
The moan of sorrow, and the shriek of pain ;

And sees, round sable limbs that chains are wound.
Limbs, had *he* lived, which never had been bound.

Oh ! thou, my friend ! (a name I give to few ;—
A name, which forms my pride, when given to you !)
I will not tell thee, HOLLAND,—“ seek relief
“ From sports or study, and forget thy grief ! ”—
No ! still preserve it ! still before thy view
Keep thou that great, good man ! his plans pursue ;
Recall his thoughts, words, looks, and what *he* was
 be *you* :

Though great by virtue, talents, birth, and fame,
—“ The people’s Friend ” was sure his proudest name.
Still in his race that lovely name should run,
From patriot Sire, to yet more patriot Son.
Still should his line its public virtue prove,
Till Britain’s gratitude and Britain’s love
The epithet and name so well shall blend,
That who says—“ Fox ”—has said—“ The people’s
 Friend.”——

So burn’d in Vesta’s shrine the sacred Fire ;
Though oft its guardian Maid it saw expire,
From age to age blaz’d on the eternal flame,
The priestess alter’d, but the fire the same.

THE CASKET,
A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,
IN TWO ACTS.

It was my intention, after an unsuccessful trial, to make a second effort to gain the countenance of the managers of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, for the representation of the following piece; encouraged by the aid of a gentleman in an elevated situation there---and only known to be esteemed:---but apprehensive that his exertions might result more from his desire to serve me, than the merits of the production, I chose rather to free him from a task, disappointment might render painful, and consign it to the perusal of my friends; to whom should it afford the smallest entertainment, my efforts are repaid---nor could I derive a greater reward than their gratification.

J. B. F.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STRANGER.

CALEB HASSAN, a Merchant.

MUSTAPHA.

DOCTOR ABOULCACIM.

GOVERNOR.

ROBBER.

YAMIRA, Daughter to the Merchant.

ZEMENA, her Attendant.

Guards, Attendants, Dancers, &c.

Scene in Bagdat.

THE CASKET.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Caleb Hassan's House.

Enter CALEB HASSAN and YAMIRA.

Caleb. CEASE, my daughter, your enquiries; and do not urge me for a recital, which must declare your father's shame.

Yamira. I have long in silence, and with grief, observed the heavy gloom that is seated on your brow; 'till duty and affection, urge me to enquire the cause.

Caleb. How shall I resist her importunity? [*aside.*

Yamira. Oh! my father, let me not suppose that your reluctance, to make me a partner in your grief, is dictated by distrust! believe me, my curiosity is but the offspring of tenderness.—Free me from suspense!

Caleb. I can hesitate no longer.—Know then, [*with emotion*] that my large possessions, the fruits of

early and successful industry, are expended!—a dupe to villains, who, under the mask of friendship, now grown rich by my credulity, are become my persecutors, and force me to fly from treachery and imprisonment.—

Yamira. Imprisonment! Oh, heaven! has your generosity subjected you to imprisonment?

Caleb. I gave my bond for a thousand sequins, to save a friend and infant family from ruin.—He has basely fled; and the impatient holder threatens me with the penalty. My present incapacity to realize this sum is the cause of my despair—since, by escaping from the evil that awaits me, I must leave you unprotected, to sorrow and distress.

Yamira. Oh! do not break my heart with apprehensions such as these:—Could a thousand sequins restore you to peace and safety?

Caleb. Yes: that sum—once so trifling in my estimation—once only valued as the promoter of good to others, would prevent the dangers to which I am now exposed.

Yamira. Alla be praised!

Caleb. What means my daughter?—

Yamira. To praise that Providence, who has deputed me a dispenser of its bounties; and enables me to calm the agitated bosom of the best of fathers.

Caleb. You amaze me!

Yamira. I can redeem the bond! [*joyfully.*

Caleb. The bond!—Is it possible?—You, Yamira! you pay a thousand sequins?

Yamira. You may remember, that during my mother's last illness I was always near her, bestowing those offices of attention that were due to her afflicting state.

Caleb. You was a daughter!—well?—

Yamira. A few hours before her death, she made signs to her attendants to retire; and bidding me unlock a secret drawer within her cabinet, told me I should find there a casket, containing two thousand sequins.—“That casket,” said she, “with its contents, I have preserved for thee! keep it, my child, in secret from your father; and, should his generosity prove injurious to his fortune, it will secure you from falling a victim to his imprudence.”—Soon after, death became more visible in her countenance; and, while struggling to pronounce on *us* her last blessing, she expired in my arms.

Caleb. Your timely aid, my daughter, might satisfy my present claims, and lift me above my fears; but shall I be restored to comfort only by the violation of your mother's commands?

Yamira. Call it not violation! her intention was to promote my happiness; the end is answered: I devote her present to a father's necessities, and the cheering reflection of having discharged my duty, will prove a happiness, riches can never purchase, nor poverty destroy.

Caleb. Beloved Yamira! assured that Providence will register the filial act, I will enrich you with the consciousness of having prevented the ruin of your father.—But where have you deposited the precious gift?

Yamira. I knew no one worthy to be entrusted with my secret; and to conceal the casket from you, I thought the more necessary, lest, by an accidental discovery, you should misconstrue the motive I had in doing so; therefore it is hidden where curiosity nor suspicion would ever go to seek it.

Caleb. Where! my daughter, tell me where!

Yamira. Beneath the willow that droops o'er the grave of my mother! not to enrich the earth that covers her mouldering ashes, but that I might seek the sacred spot in a moment of affliction, and find a double consolation there.

Caleb. I will this moment hasten thither, and pay with the tear of penitence the peaceful banker of your store.

Yamira. A bed of violets marks the spot.

Caleb. That shall direct me [*going*]. Stay, I have a letter here, directed to Dr. Aboulcacim;—in my prosperity I lent him three hundred sequins, to help him through a law-suit; the time has long expired since he was to return it.—You shall be the bearer; your appearance may interest his remembrance, and urge him to make restitution of the debt he owes me.

Yamira. I know the house, and will hasten, to
return before you. [Sings.

Oh! friendship, thou healer of woes,
Thou balm to the victim of grief;
To the worthy thy semblance disclose,
And fly to afford us relief;

For alas! we oft seek thee in vain,
Misled by the smile of deceit;
Nor 'till by adversity prov'd,
We seldom discover the cheat.

[*Excunt severally.*

Scene changes to a Forest.

Enter MUSTAFHA.

Musta. Was ever poor fellow so persecuted by that
jade Fortune, as I have been? Oh, Mahomet! if
wearing a fillet is the cause of her mistakes, remove it,
I pray thee, if it is only to let her repent her cruelty to
me!—I have been told, that when things were at the
worst they would mend; I have the consolation now
then, of arriving at the bottom of the hill; but see no
present prospect of rising again, unless I turn mawkin,
and dangle from yon branches a terror to the feathered
neighbourhood. This morning I had money, goat, and

mule, and now I have neither. Return home to poverty and ridicule I dare not ; so my solitary penance shall begin and finish, and one of my tall neighbours here, must bear the burthen too great for me to carry.—Hark ! [*listens*] didn't I hear the tread of a foot ?—Some one approaches.—I'll accost him.—

Enter CALEB HASSAN.

Pray friend, have you on your way hither met with a delicate she goat, spotted like a leopard, and skin as soft as the silky hair that covers it ?

Caleb. No, truly I have not.

Musta. Nor a rogue upon a sleek plump little mule, that would kneel to let you mount upon her back ?

Caleb. No.

Musta. Nor you didn't stumble against a leathern purse, containing the rest of my worldly effects ?

Caleb. No, I have met with neither.—You have lately lost, I suppose, what you seem so earnestly to enquire after ?

Musta. Aye, you've guessed right ; they are lost sure enough. Now if I thought that you had ever met with losses, it would be a consolation to me.

Caleb. A consolation ! why ?

Musta. Because, 'tis said, they only know how to feel for the distresses of a fellow creature, who have been miserable themselves.

Caleb. Alas! my good fellow, that is not always the case; for many who have risen from an abyss of wretchedness, deny their commiseration to the afflicted inhabitants of that inhospitable cavern.

Musta. More shame for those that are such strangers to humanity then, I say: for all the grandeur that surrounds the unfeeling great, cannot afford much comfort to a breast, where charity's a stranger. But bad as this world is, there are some who would be glad to know me at this moment, unhappy as I am, if it was only for the sake of purchasing the consolation, of saving a poor fellow's life.

Caleb. Saving your life!

Musta. Why, to say the truth, I have had a short but severe disorder, poverty; caught it by accident; and fortune, who was my physician, has pronounced me incurable!

Caleb. But how was accident the cause?

Musta. You shall hear: I sat out this morning, accompanied by a delicate she goat, for the house of an old suspicious she dragon, who made me always milk the animal in her presence, I rode upon a mule, and my goat followed behind, as I thought, for I heard the tinkling of the bell I had as usual fastened to her neck, and naturally supposed she was there; but, happening to turn round, I found the bell tied to the tail of my mule, and my dear little goat gone!

Caleb. Stolen no doubt.

Musta. Aye to be sure!—so—From a person who was passing, I enquired which way the thief had run; and he pointed towards the lawn that skirts this forest; so I dismounted, and begged him, as a favour, to hold the bridle, while I clambered over the fence in search of him; but no sooner had I done so, then up he gets upon my mule, and, in spite of my cries, galloped off.—

Caleb. And how did you lose your money?

Musta. It dropt from my bosom by the way; which, having sought for in vain, I came to this spot in a moment of despair, to bewail a misfortune I cannot survive, and on some tree to deposit the remainder of my possessions!

Caleb. What was the value of your loss?

Musta. Alas! near twenty sequins.

Caleb. Oh, Mahomet! the heart that does not feel the tender ties of soft humanity, is less than human!—Providence, in befriending me, has given this brother in affliction a claim upon my gratitude.—[*aside.*] Eh! what's he goes yonder? sure 'twas a man leading a goat!

Musta. Eh! which way!—where? [runs off.]

Caleb. This is a moment not to be lost;—there, and on your return, you shall cease from upbraiding that Providence, who never deserts her dependants.

[Wraps a purse in the linen of his turban, and lies
it on the stage.]

Now to seek the casket!

[Exit.]

Re-enter MUSTAPHA.

Musta. I can't see——Eh!—what!—gone!—why surely I am marked out to be the dupe of imposition.—Did this man mean to sport with me? or has he fled because I should not implore his assistance:—Oh! fortune, fortune! what a jilt art thou! [*stumbles over the purse.*—Eh! what's here? 'tis heavy, and contains—a purse! Gold, by the Koran! [*counts*—eighteen, nineteen, twenty pieces!—How came it here? sure that merchant has either dropt, or left it, and gone because he would not accept my thanks.

Enter a Persian in rich habit.

Persian. Oh, hide me! hide me!

Musta. Yes, I'll hide you.—[*conceals the purse in his bosom.*—What's the matter?

Persian. I fly from my pursuers, whom I have entangled in the wood yonder.

Musta. Pursuers! why, what have you done?

Persian. I have no time to lose.—If you are disposed to befriend one in need, and to benefit by the bargain, quick, strip off your jacket and cap, and take my cloak and turban in exchange.

Musta. I should like first to know the reason you have for making so bad a bargain. [*sarcastically.*

Persian. [*looking out.*] Luckily they have taken a wrong path. [*aside*] My friends, ignorant of my having been privately united to another, confined me for refusing to wed the daughter of the Governor of Bagdat:—an hour ago I made my escape; and the guards, who are now in search of me, mean to force me back to captivity, unless I consent to the conditions of my liberty—by submitting to the ceremony which was intended to take place this very night.—Now, if *you* are disposed to marry a beautiful virgin, with a rich dowry, exchange dresses with one you may easily personate.

Musta. Here's a chance! [*aside.*] But if they discover me, will they not punish the impostor.

Persian. Not if you have courage enough to assume a consequence. Conceal your face in the skirt of your robe; they will construe it into a shew of dignity; then, when the marriage ceremony is over, they will rather accept you, than suffer your wife to be disgraced by the embraces of a Hulla, which must be the case, if they force you to repudiate her.—They make this way. [*looks out.*] I must be speedy. Here, put on this, and this; while I, in your attire, will hasten from their view.—[*He strips Mustapha, and dresses him in his rich attire, while Mustapha stands insensibly lost in the calculation of the happiness that awaits him.*] They are coming; now speak proudly—if they lay hands on

you, tell them that you'll consent to marry, and they'll soften into respect; be bold, and fear not success. I must away. *[Exit running.]*

Musta. *[Stands in a ridiculous attitude.]* O thou dear Miss Fortune! I'll never quarrel or call names again.---How shall I put on a shew of consequence? Nay, no matter:—if good luck has made me her favorite, pride will follow of course.—Here they come.

[struts about.]

Enter some PERSIAN SOLDIERS.

1st Sold. So, sir, a pretty dance you've led us.

Musta. Yes! and to recompense your trouble, you may now dance back again. I consent to go with you. *[proudly.]*

1st Sold. You do!

Musta. Yes; and return to that elegant mansion I have been silly enough to fly from.

1st Sold. Indeed!

Musta. Aye, stand back vile slaves, don't croud about me thus.

2d Sold. What does he mean?

Musta. Mean! to marry the governor's daughter! hear that rogues and rejoice!--What you are surpriz'd are you? Away then—lead on to love and festivity.

[marches about.]

1st Sold. Aye lead him to captivity—away with him. *[They seize him.*

Musta. Captivity ! What do you mean ?

2d Sold. Only to take you to prison ! That's all.

Musta. To prison !

1st Sold. Yes ! to prison.

Musta. I say---I consent to marry. *[loud and proudly.*

2d Sold. He's mad---lay hold of him.

[They seize him.

Musta. Shall I not wed the governor's daughter ?

[Pitifully.

1st Sold. No, but he may order your exaltation in another way. Villain, do you wear the robe and turban of the nobleman you've robb'd ? what you start do you ? lets search him. *[They discover the purse.]*
See here my comrades—here's a purse with the owners name mark'd upon the linen of his turban.

Musta. Oh cursed fortune—that money will ruin me. *[aside.]* Believe me I found that purse—and for these clothes——

2d Sold. A likely story.---Come, bring him away.
“ Hassan the merchant ” I know him well. We'll see if you found it, or not.

Musta. Pray, hear me speak.

1st Sold. We'll hear no more. To prison with him.

Musta. Oh Mahomet ! This is coming to greatness with a witness. *[Sings.*

A moment have patience and hear my sad story,
'Tis a poor harmless peasant that mercy doth crave.

Chorus of Soldiers.

Away ! we are bound to your fate to restore you ;
All entreaties are vain. *Musta.* An innocent save.
Good friends only hear me. *Solds.* You entreat us in
vain.

Musta. Wou'd my innocence clear me I'd freedom
regain.

Solds. Away ! away ! haste bear him away.

Our chief who employ'd us will chide our delay.

[*They force him off.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the House of Doctor Aboulcacim.

Enter DOCTOR and SERVANT.

Doctor. Eh ! what ! a lady enquire for me, did you
say ?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Doctor. And beg'd to see me in private ?

Serv. Yes sir.

Doctor. Let her come up. [*Exit Serv.*] Some patient I suppose.—By Mahomet an elegant figure !

Enter YAMIRA.

Yamira. Do I address the doctor Aboulcacim.

Doctor. Yes, madam, you do. [*affectedly.*

Yamira. Are you acquainted with Caleb Hassan, the merchant?

Doctor. To be sure I am. The rich Hassan! Lord, ah! my most inestimable friend!

Yamira. Generous man! behold his unhappy daughter. [*throws off her veil.*

Doctor. [*aside.*] Oh Mahomet! what a face!—Unhappy! didst thou say? Thou pyramid of beauty. How has thy slave the power of serving you?

Yamira. Read. [*gives a letter.*

Doctor. A letter. [*reads.*] “My dear friend,” most beautiful! [*aside and looking at Yamira.*] “I am sorry,”---She’s an angel! [*aside and gazing on Yamira.*] “my necessities have reduced me to demand a return of the three hundred”---Dimples in her pretty face! [*aside*] “hundred sequins you borrow’d from”---What an eye she has got! [*aside.*] “your friend Caleb Hassan.” [*Lets fall the letter and walks affectedly up to Yamira.*] Light of my eyes! thou violet among a bed of thorns!---I am confounded with thy numberless beauties, demand what you will, I am bound to comply: five hundred sequins are yours, instead of three; give me only your esteem in return, and let this embrace be the earnest of my love, and your condescension.

[*offers to embrace her.*

Yamira. Do you know me, sir? [*scornfully.*

Doctor. To be sure I do.—You are one of the houries sent by our prophet to recompense my virtues, and give me taste of Paradise below.

Yamira. I am amazed! [*aside.*] Sure you are not serious!

Doctor. Serious! aye, be this a proof. [*goes to embrace her, she retires, and he stumbles.*] Ah! do not turn away, thou pile of loveliness!

Yamira. Unheard of insolence! return me instantly the gold.—Is this your friendship for my father? give me your answer, I say, and he shall be a stranger to your conduct; but if you dare again to repeat your base assurance, his resentment shall punish your ingratitude; while the neighbourhood, whom my cries shall summon to my assistance, be the witnesses of your perfidy.

Doctor. Now I know you are not in earnest; you little rogue! you are sporting with the feelings of an admirer, who adores you! who thus at your feet implores you will be kind.

[*kneels, and attempts to embrace her.*]

Yamira. Nay, then—within there! [*calls out.*]

Doctor. [*rises.*] Eh!—What! do you call out? Holloa! Here!

Enter Servant.

turn this senseless girl away; she wants to cajole me out of three hundred sequins.

Yamira. O, thou base one! Hold, while virtue doth command thee, nor yield thyself a prey to foul

ingratitude; that pleasure is fleeting, which is gained by violence; and shame, with all the stings of conscience, doth succeed. *[Exit with servant.]*

Doctor. Nonsense!--I, that take the fairest by the hand! I, that the greatest beauties look upon as their guardian angel! I, that am, I may say, the Adonis of the East,---to be rejected---threatened---pshaw! 'twas a shew of prudery, to enhance the value of the favor.

[Sings.]

Is there woman can resist me?

View my air, my shape, my face!

E'en in every word and gesture,

There is some peculiar grace.

[Moves in ridiculous attitudes, and Exits.]

Scene changes to an apartment in Caleb Hassan's House.

Enter HASSAN.

Caleb. My daughter not yet returned! What can delay her thus?—She couldn't miss the.....

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is a stranger without, sir, poorly habited, who begs to speak with you.

Caleb. Did he tell his name?

Serv. That he begged to decline.

Caleb. Admit him. [*Exit Servant.*] Who shou'd this be ?

Enter STRANGER.

Stran. Forgive, sir, the rudeness of my visit ; but having heard that charity had made this house her residence, I came to crave the balm she should administer to wounds like mine.

Caleb. The time was, my friend, when affluence enabled me to send the afflicted rejoicing from my gate, when prosperity made me a banker of her stores,—taught the multitude to view in me a favorite, and I revelled in a sea of pleasure ;—'till an unexpected storm, foundered the glittering bark, and every former hope was lost.

Stran. Pardon me, sir, but report has spread your praises beyond the limits of this city, and taught me to hope I should receive assistance from one, possessing both the ability and willingness to relieve.

Caleb. A will to do so I still retain ;—the wealth I possessed, could not secure me from falling a victim to credulity, nor guard an unsuspecting heart from treachery and falsehood !

Stran. Can it be possible !---Has your generosity deprived you of your wealth ?—Then must my hopes of assistance vanish, since you cannot redress me.

Caleb. I this moment returned from visiting a spot, where grief for past, and hope for future joys, employed

reflection, 'till disappointment sealed my fate, and doomed my ruin irreparable :—but yet I won't despair ! when life's amusing scenes are lost, and the dull day is lengthened by the bitterness of woe, I will reflect, and find comfort in the good I have done, and patient wait the future mercies of the bounteous Alla ! [*with emotion.*]

Stran. While I admire your sentiments, my breast awake to the dictates of compassion, forces me to reverence, and pity you.

Caleb. Pity me ! Why, I have a treasure still—I have a beauteous daughter, who's mind I early trained to piety and virtue ;—in her filial love, life looses its ungrateful sting, and every change finds comfort in her smile.

Stran. With virtues such as yours, you surely cannot long be poor ; your merit will again enrich you.

Caleb. Merit ! What is merit, when unassisted by a great one's smile ? No, I have past the meridian of my joy ; and now in some lone retreat, while I secrete myself from the world's persecution, by forgetting what I have been, I'll strive to soften my hatred for mankind.

Stran. Banish the thought ! [*Caleb starts*] No, you shall share again the charms of life and fortune.—My treasures are inexhaustible—wanting the confidence of honesty, I borrowed this appearance ; and after a long and painful search, I seal my choice and admiration here..

[*Embraces him.*]

Caleb. Your good opinion over-rates my deserts.

Stran. No, they deserve the recompense in store.—
First, for the present, accept this small token of my esteem ; [*gives a box of jewels*]---wonder not---but take it.---I must now retire ; though my absence will be but for a short time. To-night I will return, and then explain the cause of this mysterious behaviour :---still you appear amazed ; rely on *my* sincerity ;---let not curiosity injure my good intentions ;---wave your enquiries 'till then.

Caleb. Generous stranger ! I accept the conditions of your friendship.

Stran. Farewell ! at an early hour expect me.

[*Exit.*

Caleb. Look here, ye followers of virtue, and learn, though persecution may threaten, and misery surround you ; the all-seeing eye of Providence permits the trial of your fortitude, but to make bliss the greater ; and rescues the deserving, even in the very moment of despair !---But where is my Yamira ? Oh ! why is she not here, to share a joy too great for me to bear---and see, she comes obedient to my wish.---She seems,

Enter YAMIRA.

dejected ! [*aside*]---What of my friend ?

Yamira. Oh ! do not taint that cheering title, by bestowing it on such baseness !---that *friend* refuses to

repay you, unless I do consent to receive it, as the purchase of my honor.

Caleb. [*much surprized.*] Can it be possible!

Yamira. Yes: and added brutality to insult; 'till, burning with resentment, I left his house, and from the Governor demanded the interference of justice in our cause; when, submitting to his importunities, I withdrew my veil, he pretended to be enamoured with my beauty, and declared the price of his assistance, was the favour I had denied the Doctor.

Caleb. Oh, Mahomet! has justice then, like friendship, changed its course? perverted to the meanest, basest purpose!---That man has often, when sharing my entertainment, entreated from chance an opportunity of serving me.

Yamira. Forget their perfidy.---What of the casket?

Caleb. Alas! my daughter, from thence our hopes are fled.

Yamira. Fled! have you not found it then?

[*with earnestness.*

Caleb. Elated with expectation, I broke the earth, which gave way to my impatience, and I sought for the casket which you had hidden there; but how was my eagerness repaid, when I found it contained nothing but this picture!

[*shews a miniature.*

Yamira. [*much surprized.*] A picture!---two thousand sequins!---the casket!---I am petrified with wonder and

amazement.---What's here?---writing! [*reads*] "When I am seen by my owner, he will restore you your gold." What mystery is this? When I am seen by my owner! Where shall I find him?---how shew it to him?---Ah! I have it :---I will wear it---yes, wear it in a conspicuous situation, and perhaps chance may place me in his view.

Caleb. Do so, Yamira.---I like the thought---[*she fastens the miniature on the outside of her turban*]. And now prepare for pleasure beyond hope. I have found a friend indeed! one who has given proof of his sincerity---look on these---[*shews the jewels*]; and, as you admire the gift, forget not to praise that Providence, who in our utmost need has not forsaken us.

Yamira. Gracious Alla!--Who? tell me who!

Caleb. A stranger, whose visit and departure was alike mysterious---but we shall not long remain in doubt; to-night he promised to return, and then explain his reasons for his apparent strange behaviour.

Yamira. Do you think that he will be true to his appointment?

Caleb. Yes: he promised faithfully; rely on it he will.---Why?

Yamira. A thought has struck me!--It shall be so. [*aside.*]---My dear father, I have thought upon a way to be revenged upon the amorous ingrate, and that base reliever of oppression: but seek not to know the means,

my plot must be my own; and if it fail, be mine the consequences, only give me your promise to abide by my directions.

Caleb. Freely.

Yamira. You will not interfere with my design.

Caleb. So firm is my reliance on your prudence, that I shall not hesitate to grant whatever you desire.

Yamira. Dearest father!--Be yours the task then to prepare for the reception of this generous stranger, whom you expect to-night; much is to be done by then, if in your way you meet Zemena, send her to me.

Caleb. Our prophet be your guardian. [Exit.

Yamira. These worthy gentlemen I will inveigle hither, and expose before our guest to-night, who may become a supporter of my cause in the Divan to-morrow, where I shall appeal to that justice, which is the characteristic of the throne!

Enter ZEMENA.

O! Zemena, I have business for you---here, take this purse; [*gives a purse*]---go to a joiners,---and purchase me two trunks, each large enough to contain a man, and have them privately conveyed with speed hither.

Zemena. Conclude it done, madam. [going.

Yamira. Stay! follow me to my chamber : I shall there write two billets, which you must deliver with great address ;---come ; and on the way I will instruct you in a plot, wherein you must greatly assist me. Now for my amorous gallants!---Kind fortune be my second !

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

THE CASKET.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A Grand Saloon, richly ornamented in the Oriental Style. A Carpet spread with Fruits, Cushions, &c.

Enter YAMIRA, meeting ZEMENA.

Yamira. WELL Zemena! how thrives our plot!

Zemena. Just as you would have it, madam; I have delivered the two billets with equal success, as these tokens will bear witness. *[shows two purses.]*

Yamira. How were they received?

Zemena. First,---transported with the unexpected summons stood the Doctor;—I saw him, as I entered, press the paper to his lips, in seeming extacy;—on observing me, he drew his purse with the air of a gallant; said I had brought his passport to the Heavens! and bade me tell the Houri, my mistress, he would not fail!

Yamira. Well said, Doctor.

Zemena. The Governor, next, was seated in state, leaning on the balance of justice;—the trembling culprit stood invoking his mercy; while he, in conversation with the rich complainant, turned the deaf ear to the abject criminal;—seeing this, I broke through the crowd, and gave the judge your note—he read with eagerness the contents, then, “take this purse,” said he, “for your intelligence—the party by nine o’clock to-night, will be at liberty to thank you:”—and then he wore a cheerful countenance; and thus good humoured, gave the poor prisoner pardon.

Yamira. Mahomet be praised!--And the trunks?---

Zemena. Are here; and placed behind the tapestry, as you directed.

Yamira. Thanks, faithful Zemena.---Successful as my plot appears, yet the nearer the moment of trial approaches, the more I feel alarmed---Oh, Zemena! I fear my spirits will fail me.---Mahomet! grant me thy assistance, and strengthen me for this important task.

Zemena. Nay, madam, silence your fears; they run into the snare too eagerly, to suspect the bitters that may follow.---Is my master at home?

Yamira. Yes, preparing for the reception of the stranger I told you of.---Oh, I had nearly forgot: you must lead the Doctor up the back stairs; I appointed him to attend at the garden gate, to prevent his meeting the Governor.

Zemena. I shall, madam. [*a knocking heard.*]

Yamira. Hark! some one knocks:---this must be the Doctor; be attentive to my signal, and keep within hearing.---Here, bring me my lute---I am sadly frightened! Now help me to seat myself---[*knock again*]---there, go admit him.---[*Exit Zemena.*] My feelings are up in arms, but my cause has virtue for its advocate; and sure the protection of Alla will assist her dictates. Now for the mask of a coquette. [*strikes the lute.*]

Enter DOCTOR ABOULCACIM.

Doctor. [*walks affectedly up to Yamira.*] Light of my eyes! thou violet among a bed of thorns! do I live to be lit by thee, from the dark passage of despair?---Why are you so kind? eh, pretty one!---See, you little rogue, I have brought---ah! I have brought something that will please you---[*throws a bag of gold at her feet*] but---may I not hope I have something else, that will recommend me to your liking? eh! ah! um! [*stands in an affected attitude*]---[*Yamira rises*]---Do permit me to salute the hand that did invite me hither---and with this embrace unite me to your arms.---[*attempts to embrace Yamira, she draws back, and he stumbles.*]---Ah! do not turn away, thou pile of loveliness!

Yamira. Be not impatient, my good sir—suppress your transports for a little—partake of the entertainment

I have provided, and be satisfied with the assurance that I do not hate you.

Doctor. Ay! what! don't you? say so again—again repeat the fond assurance, and let me die your slave!

Yamira. It is in your power to add greatly to my esteem, by submitting to my wishes.—

Doctor. Eh! what's that you say?—esteem!—what shall I do?—how shall I oblige you?

Yamira. Swear never to betray my weakness; and that you will confine your admiration to me alone.

Doctor. Oh, delight! she's jealous! [*aside*]. I swear, bright sun among the stars of beauty! not all the lures thrown out by the bewitching fair, shall ensnare my affections from you! Hear, genius of love! be witness to my vow;—thy favourite Aboulcacim gives himself to Yamira.

Yamira. Your goodness overpowers me.

Doctor. O, do not look so lovingly upon me! I can't bear it—I can't bear the lustre of those eyes; they are too much for me! I never was so happy in my life—sure I am departed from the regions of strife, and partake of the felicity that belongs to a true believer.—

[*Pulls of his turban, and sits bare-headed.*]

Yamira. My lord, I drink to you. [*drinks.*]

Doctor. My adoration! bright excellence!—[*drinks.*]
Eh! what have you got there? a lute! sing me a song, sweet bird of Paradise!

Yamira. It is impossible for me to refuse any thing to one, it shall be my future study to oblige. [*Sings.*

Pleasure is a short liv'd flower,
Quickly blossoms, quickly dies :
He who laughs for joy this hour,
Ten to one the next he sighs.

So bright Sol doth cheer the morn,
With his life-inspiring smiles ;
Yet e'er mid-day comes a storm,
And the beauteous prospect spoils.

Doctor. Oh ! what a charming voice.

[*goes to embrace her.*

Yamira. Nay, sit I conjure you—You do not seem to relish this first course ; but I have a better preparing for you.——

Doctor. Ah, you dear little angel—I know you have—You mean to hide me——

Yamira. In a chest. [*aside.*

Doctor. In your arms, and call me your delight.—
Come, then, lead on to happiness extreme. [*rises.*

Yamira. Stay, I protest you shall sing to me ;
so sit still awhile, and be not too impatient ; you
cannot sure do less, when you are told it will oblige
me.

Doctor. Em! oblige you! ah, you little flatterer! I'll sing to be sure, but, as I am a mussulman, I don't know what—[*aside*]*—*here goes, however. [*Sings.*

Amours I have had by the score,
But I never was blest so before ;
 When I first saw that eye !
 Tho' I cannot tell why,
I felt such an odd kind of smart !
 Soon the cause did appear,
 Young Cupid sat there ;
And he shot a large spear thro' my heart !

Since you to my wishes are true,
No mortal such pleasure e'er knew ;
 I am mad with delight
 To think of this night,
O, how I could caper and sing ;
 And supper so neat,
 I confess that the treat
Is a banquet too rich for a king.

There, how do you like that ?

Yamira. Indeed, my lord, your composition diverts me.

Doctor. Eh! ah! to be sure—I don't know how to divert the fair sex, eh?—but come, we

waste the precious moments—let us retire, my love,
to—— [*Yamira waves her hand, and then*

Enter ZEMENA.

Zemena. Oh, madam ! madam ! [*affrighted.*

Doctor. What's the matter ? have you seen a ghost ?

Zemena. My master's at the gate !

Doctor. Eh ! what ? [*a knocking heard.*

Yamira. Hark ! I hear him knock ; what will become of me ?

Doctor. What will become of you ! What will become of me ?—I'm a dead man !

Yamira. Nay, then I am undone—lost for ever !
can I survive the death I have brought upon you !

[*weeps.*

Doctor. Oh, Lord ! don't say so—death !---I am frightened out of my senses.

Yamira. Can't we hide him ?---but I fear that will be impossible.

Zemena. A lucky thought. [*runs and discovers a chest.*] To save the Doctor, madam, let us hide him here.

Doctor. Ah, do, for mercy's sake---I'll creep anywhere—hide me anywhere. [*knocking increases.*

Yamira. Make haste ! get into the trunk, and when my father retires, I will restore you to liberty and your deserts.

Doctor. Help me in---help me in. [*gets into the trunk.*] O, thou she devil, ill luck ! if you ever catch me in a snare again, leave me no box to creep into—that's all : [*noise without.*]—Mahomet grant my cough may not discover me—oh, dear!—

Yamira. Down, down! He's here. [*she fastens the trunk, lets down the arras, and comes forward.*] Now thou art safe, thank Heaven! Carry my thanks to Ali, who has so well assisted us ; but first, get all in readiness for the Governor ; he will doubtless soon be here—[*a knocking heard*]—nay, this is being punctual with a witness.—Go haste, admit him. [*Exit Zemena.* One struggle more, and then— [*she seats herself.*

Enter GOVERNOR.

[*Gov. stalks proudly up to Yamira, and takes her hand.*]

Fairest daughter of the East, this unexpected pleasure is a proof of your wisdom ; it has exalted you in the opinion of the Governor of Bagdat, who thinks it no degradation to honour you with his esteem.

Yamira. Pardon, my lord, the weakness of a woman, whom timid bashfulness had blinded to your merits :—but let this compliance with your wishes, O mighty and *just* ruler of the faithful ! convince you, I have learnt how to estimate so undeserved a courtesy.

Gov. Sweet enough! your wisdom is equal to your beauty; and doubt not both shall meet their reward. Henceforth, pleasure shall be your inmate:—consent but to be mine, and I'll transplant you from this humble soil, to gardens of the sweetest verdure.

Yamira. How conspicuous, sir, your accomplishments must appear, when they have wrought such a change in me; what else could ever have led me from the path of virtue, to reflect disgrace upon the best of fathers!

Gov. He has possessed too long the luxury of your society; unworthy of such a treasure, he knows not its true value:—his days have been inconsiderately consumed in festivity, to the injury and ruin of your fortune. But leave him to the beggary he merits, and live with me in happiness and splendour.

Yamira. And is this your advice?—*you* that are the representative of Justice!—Then may I brave the fear of secret reproach, and boldly err, when *Justice* leads the way? [sarcastically.]

Gov. Does he deserve such perfection, who could subject it to penury?—who is there, that has a right even to pity him?

Yamira. Those who once basked in the sunshine of his prosperity! You, sir, was formerly his associate, surely you pity him!

Gov. Why this emotion? name him no more I beg. ---What is it moves you thus?

Yamira. 'Twas but the struggle with my duty---
'tis over. I have gone too far, and reflection comes
too late! Come, worthy sir, taste of the repast I have
provided, and in the mean time I will endeavour to di-
vert you with a song.

Gov. Do so, I beseech you; and with your angelic
voice, bind still faster the bewitching chain, your charms
have woven about me. [*Yamira sings.*]

Tho' keen's the pang that-hopeless lovers
From broken vows and faith complain;
Yet time's never-failing balsam
Heals the wound, or soothes the pain.

Foil'd ambition, injur'd honor,
May awhile the bosom tear;
Soon they yield the seat to reason,
And the bubble breaks in air.

But if friendship aim the dagger,
Spite of reason, spite of art!
Soon, too soon! the point envenom'd!
Rankles in the tortur'd heart.

Gov. Transporting rhapsody! Thanks beauteous
Yamira.

Yamira. I am over-paid in having pleased you, sir.
——Zemena---[*Enter Zemena.*] My lord the Go-

vornor does not appear to relish the first course ; bring in the desert, and surprize his appetite with an unexpected fare. [Exit Zemena.

Gov. Lovely Yamira ! all the viands collected from the luxuriant gardens of Asia, would appear insipid to the banquet of your charms.---Let us retire, and there——

Enter ZEMENA, hastily.

Zemena. O, madam ! madam ! Ill-fated chance has marr'd our joys with accident unlooked for.

Yamira. Speak on. What's the matter ?

Zemena. My master is at the door—talking to our malignant neighbour Sidi. He saw the Governor enter—and declared it to your father—who doubting his assertion, is actually coming here to be convinced ; I overheard it all—and hastened hither to provide you for the discovery.

Yamira. Oh Mahomet!—what shall I do ?

Gov. Be not alarmed, I'll threaten their suspicions with my resentment, and bind them down to peace.

Yamira. Alas ? my lord, you may, while you are present, hold off the storm, but being gone—shame and dishonor will expose me to the just indignation of an injured father, and crush my hopes of happiness to come.

Gov. Let him reproach—I'll take you from his sight.

[during this time Semena draws up the tapestry, and discovers the other chest.]

Semena. Madam, here is an empty trunk, placed by kind chance, a way for our escape.

Gov. A trunk! what then? *[noise without.]*

Yamira. *[kneels.]* Let me conjure you to conceal yourself within, but for a few short moments; and in so doing, save my reputation and my life.

Gov. Get into a box!—I shall be stifled.—

[noise increases.]

Yamira. They are coming—do not, I entreat you, refuse me this one proof of an affection, you have professed so largely.—

Gov. Nay, if thou weep'st—— *[gets reluctantly into the chest.]*—But for a few moments?

Yamira. A few moments, my dear lord, and then—

Gov. That then will make a man do any thing!—

[Noise without; she locks the trunk, while Semena drops the arras.]

Yamira. Lie still my heart, my fears are over.

Semena. Madam, the guests are come, attended by your father; they are on their way hither.—

Yamira. How did you contrive to delay them?

Semena. Ali formed a pretext, and waits my signal to admit them.— *[she strikes the lute.]*

Yamira. They are here—do you attend.

Enter CALEB HASSAN, STRANGER, and ATTENDANTS.

Caleb. [*takes the hand of Yamira.*] If truth and virtue e'er adorned a fair, behold it here—the richest boon of fortune. [*Stranger starts at sight of the picture.*

Stran. By Mahomet! the very miniature I——
[*aside.*

Caleb. And you, my Yamira, behold the benefactor to whom I owe so much.— [*pointing to Stranger.*

Stran. I'll wave my enquiries for a fitter opportunity—[*aside.*—Spare me sir!—To know that I have been instrumental to the happiness of a fair one so deserving, is a sufficient compensation for the exertion of my utmost ability.

Yamira. Noble sir! my merits are much below your estimation.—I beseech you sirs to sit.

[*they seat themselves.*

Stran. The sight of this instrument [*takes up the lute*] induces me to suppose you are a master;—might I be indulged with the melody it breathes, from being ably touched, it would infinitely oblige me.

Yamira. My ready compliance, sir, shall help atone for my want of skill.

[*takes the lute from Stranger, and sings.*

Guardian sylphs in air that fly!

See that no intrusive eye

Rudely steals upon our joy!

Watch o'er this eventful hour,
Charms and spells upon it shower ;
Guard it with thy magic power !

So shall joy your care repay,
Each enriching new born day,
With a merry roundelay !

Stran. Your performance, madam, has exceeded my hopes, and makes me your debtor for the pleasure it procured me.—Well, my friend, [*to Caleb*] what say you ? shall I entrust you with my merchandise, or will you go, and share with me the profits of my journey ?

Caleb. See what must prevent me :---[*pointing to Yamira*] to leave her friendless, to the mercy of an unpitying world, must embitter those moments, you would in vain endeavour to divert.——

Yamira. Friendless !---Indeed father I have more protectors about me than you are, perhaps, aware of.

Stran. What does she mean ? [*aside.*]

Caleb. Protectors !——

Yamira. Aye, I have both Gratitude and Justice ; and doubtless the one, will insure the protection of the other !

Caleb. But, from the example you had this morning, you cannot, I fear, form any reliance upon either.

Stran. You allude to the perfidious magistrate, I suppose. Be not surprized, madam ; [*to Yamira*] your father has made me acquainted with his baseness ; which, pardon me, I must confess I am loth to credit.

Yamira. I thank Heaven, my lord, I have evidence that shall do away your scruples.---[*Doctor calls out.*]---So—they begin to tire. [*aside.*

Stran. Hark ! what noise was that ?

Yamira. What, my good lord ?

Stran. I thought I heard some one call out.

Yamira. Eh ! call out ? oh ! some lover of his country, perhaps, who is loud in the praise of liberty.

[*noise again.*

Caleb. What is all this ? [*to Yamira.*

Yamira. You promised not to interrupt me !

[*aside to Caleb.*

Caleb. I remember she talked of a plot ; perhaps her project works. [*aside.*] [*the noise increases.*

Stran. What interruption is this.

Yamira. Be not surprised, sir ;---you appeared to doubt the perfidy of our chief magistrate ; and my skill in necromancy enables me to bring him, with the unworthy doctor, here before you :---to have a proof of this, you must allow me to dismiss the light ;---and do not speak, I charge you, lest the spell is broken, and the guilty vanish as they came.

Stran. What mystery is this? [*aside*].---We promise to abide by your directions.

Yamira. Attend then in silence.

[music plays---the lights are extinguished.]

[Yamira accompanies the music with her lute, and sings.]

Ye Sylphs! obedient to my will,
This instant fly! my wish fulfil!
Within my magic circle place
The old ingrate, and law's disgrace. *[music plays.]*
The charms wound up, now all's prepar'd!—
And let the ensnarers be ensnar'd!

[During the music, she, assisted by Zemena, draws up the tapestry, and unlocks the trunks—music ceases.]

Yamira. Now come forth, my amorous lord!

[softly.]

[She scats herself beside her father; Doctor and Governor rise up at the same time, and both come forward.]

Doctor. [*softly.*].---I'm all in the dark---fair star! where are you?

Gov. Here! *[softly.]*

Doctor. Ill-natured darkness! where shall I find my love! *[softly.]*

Gov. Here! *[softly.]*

Doctor. Where? charming creature! [*softly.*]

Gov. Here! [*softly.*]

[*They run violently against each other.*]

Doctor. [*loud.*] O Lord! I've dislocated my shoulder.

Gov. I'm betrayed! what voice is that?

Doctor. Oh, Mahomet! who are you?

Gov. My authority will protect me. [*aside.*] Lights!

Doctor. Aye, let me see danger by lamp-light; it will help me to run away---Lights! lights!

[*Zemena and Ali enter with lights; on seeing the company, they stand in postures of surprise;—after a little time, the Doctor comes forward to Caleb.*]

Doctor. Ah! my dear friend, I came to pay the sequins you so kindly lent me.---

Caleb. Wretch!---[*frowns*]---And pray sir, what was your errand hither? [*to Gov.*]

Yamira. Only to receive the reward demanded for the execution of his office.

Caleb. O base! base! beyond conception vile!

Stran. Monument of excellence! triumphant virtue! [*aside.*]

Gov. I will this instant quit your house, and meditate revenge. [*going.*]

Stran. Stay sir!---Guard the door.---[*to his Attendants.*]---[*they stand before the door.*]---You, sir, [*to the Doctor*] owed this merchant three hundred sequins?

Doctor. Eh? yes!--I came to pay him.

Stran. Or, like a robber,—to steal away his last remaining jewel!--[*scornfully.*]—And you, sir, [*to Gov.*] was applied to for justice on this miscreant; and refused the exertion of your authority, unless the fair suppliant, urged by her necessities, would submit to your base desires!

Gov. And who's the slave that dares correct my conduct?

Stran. A monarch! injured by his representative!!
---[*Throws off his disguise, and appears the Sultan: they all stand in postures of surprise, except the two Attendants, who now appear to be his Grand Visiers.*]---
Is justice, then, so hard to be obtained, that injured poverty must pay the price of virtue, ere it gains that, which to the lowest slave is but a common right?---
Go, sir, from an office you have disgraced; while I to one more worthy entrust the regal sword: and learn, when ministers pervert the sacred trust in them reposed, 'tis injured majesty receives the stab, and thus may suffer for the wrongs he knows not.

[*Gov. hides his face.*

Yamira.---[*kneels.*]---Pardon, dread Sire, that I have presumed to make light of an affair, which I intended to-morrow for your investigation, ignorant of the undeserved honour you have done us, in being at once the witness, and the judge.

Sultan. Rise, my fair friend ! and take thy Sultan's thanks for a lesson it shall henceforth be his study to remember---that merit may pine in obscurity ! and vice flourish under the mask of legal authority!---And now, charming Yamira ! tell me how you came by that miniature, and why you wear it in so public a situation ?

Yamira. Mighty sir, hoping to find the original ; who will no doubt acknowledge the pledge he left in trust for two thousand sequins---the secreted legacy of the best of mothers.

Sultan. Then view him here.---[*Yamira and Caleb start!*]---'Twas I that robbed you of your wealth.---One evening I had strolled unattended into the forest, and, crossing a path that leads to a receptacle for the dead, I observed a female closing a hole she had dug at the foot of a tree, curiosity induced me to wait until she had quitted the spot, and then to seek for what she had hidden there ; and to my surprize, I found a casket containing two thousand sequins, and this inscription :-

“ Let prudence teach you to value the gift.”

Desirous of exploring this enigma, I took away the money, leaving a picture in its room ; hoping by that means to find the owner, and so to satisfy my enquiries.

Yamira & Caleb. Good Heavens !

Sultan. Hearing by accident of your undeserved losses, I determined to visit you, and prove, in the disguise of poverty, your fortitude under affliction; the result has crowned my hopes, and helped me to find a friend.

Enter ALI.

Ali. There is a prisoner without, guarded by some soldiers, who begs to be admitted to Caleb Hassan.

Sultan. Who is it? *[to Caleb.*

Caleb. Great sir, I know not.

Sultan. Admit him. *[Exit Ali.*

Enter MUSTAPHA guarded.

Caleb. Ah, my poor friend, is it you? What have you done?—why do I find you thus?

Musta. I rescued another's neck at the expense of my own, and found out a way to be hanged at the public expense!

Caleb. How so?

Musta. I changed dresses with a robber, as it appears, who made me believe that, by wearing this gown and turban, I should become related to the Governor of Bagdat, by marrying his daughter.---A desire of mending my broken fortune, blinded me to the consequences of the imposition:—but no sooner had I got them on,

than these soldiers surrounded me, and would have dragged me to execution, had I not prevailed on them to enquire of you how I came by this purse.

[*shows a purse.*]

Caleb. That purse was mine, and given by me to him ; I am sure he is innocent ; 'tis his credulity alone that has marred his fortune.

Sultan. Then he shall marry the Governor's daughter to mend it.---See it done sir ; [*to Gov.*]---it shall lessen your further punishment. [*Governor bows.*]

Musta. By Mahomet ! 'tis the Caliph himself ;---I shall be exalted then at last. [*aside.*]

Yamira. Plenty, my father, once more lays her horn at our feet ; [*to Caleb.*]---and that affliction may never pine in the presence of a monarch, dispel, mighty sir, the gloom of sorrow from the brow of penitence, and make contrition blessed by your forgiveness.

Sultan. I have a boon first to ask of you ; grant me that, and all your wishes are fulfilled.

Yamira. Have I a grant I could deny my king ?

Sultan. Accept the hand of him you have enamoured, and share, as my Sultana, my throne and love!--

Yamira. My lord!--Father!--

Sultan. Your blushes seal, with their consenting smiles, the contract---those vouchers are sufficient.---For you, [*to Doctor & Governor*] your errors are

forgiven ;---and learn to emulate that virtue, that makes a king the parent of his people.---And now let the sports begin. [*to his Visiers.*]---Conduct the dancers hither, who attend without.---We'll close the night with revelry ; and the morning sun shall light us to the altar, where I'll add a jewel to the wreath of virtue, and wear it in my crown.

[*Visiers exit, and re-enter with Dancers, &c.*

[*After a Persian Dance, the Principals, assisted by a chorus of Nobles and Attendants, sing.*]

Of diadem and sceptre vain,
The monarch on his regal seat
Exults and swells with proud disdain
On prostrate thousands at his feet !
But at triumphant beauty's side,
He lays the gorgeous trappings by ;
And words of pomp, and looks of pride,
Are lost amid festivity.

THE END.











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